The Nation.

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The Week.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S speech in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening was addressed primarily to Republicans, and its effectiveness consisted mainly but not wholly in putting Republicans on their mettle and spurring them to their utmost efforts. At the same time it was more than a merely Republican speech. It rose to a higher plane than partisan speeches usually go. It contained some ideas that have not heretofore been met with in the campaign, and it enforced at length some others that have not been sufficiently dwelt upon by other speakers. Mr. Harrison's comment on the split in the Democratic party was very happy. "A party that cannot be split," he said, "is a public menace. When the leaders of a party assembled in convention depart from its traditional principle and advocate doctrines that threaten the integrity of the Government, the social order of our community, and the security and soundness of our finance, it ought to split, and it dignifies itself when it does split." That is a maxim not bounded by time nor limited to any country. The Republican party has had experience of its truth in one Presidential election, the Democratic in more than one, and when it ceases to be a truth the republic will cease to exist. When the time comes that a party can be led with impunity hither and thither regardless of the moral character of its acts, not only is there a public menace, but a sure sign of internal rot and decay. The Democratic revolt against the Bryan ticket is the best possible evidence that American institutions are still sound.

Although Mr. Harrison's argument on the money question brought out no new points—and indeed none can be looked for after the discussion of the past fifteen years—the old ones were extremely well treated. He made a decided hit in saying that "the first dirty errand that a dirty dollar does is to cheat the workingman." How true this is, every history of depreciated currency tells. Another felicitous saying of Mr. Harrison's was that Mr. Bryan, or any other person in the Presidential chair holding his views, could put the country on the silver basis within a week's time without any new legislation by Congress. All that it would be necessary to do would be to pay silver at the Treasury to holders of the Government's obligations who demand gold. Not only is this true, but he might have added that if Mr. Bryan were elected the country would go to the silver basis, or at all events would go off the gold basis, without waiting even for his inauguration. It would go there as soon as the votes were counted. All in all, Mr. Harrison made a notable contribution to the literature of the campaign, and not the least satisfactory part of his speech was his tribute to the faithfulness of President Cleveland to the principles of sound finance, and courage in facing the defection of his own party.

Three large and enthusiastic conventions of sound-money Democrats in the great States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois on August 25, constituted an ominous day's work for Mr. Bryan's candidacy. He and his Populistic principles were indignantly repudiated by all three assemblages, and delegates were sent to the Indianapolis convention to aid in the nomination of a sound-money Democratic Presidential ticket. The quantity of the attendance, as well as its quality, left no doubt that in the three States the intelligence and character of the Democratic party will refuse to support Mr. Bryan. It becomes more and more plain daily that this is the case in all parts of the country. Senator Blackburn is forced to admit that in Kentucky there is a "big Democratic bolt and a dangerous one," and if the truth were to be confessed by the Bryanites about other States in the Union, similar reports would be heard. Where is Bryan going to get the recruits to make good these Democratic losses? No candidate, not even Horace Greeley, has been obliged to face such a party defection as Bryan faces to-day, the full dimensions of which the Indianapolis convention will make manifest. He is becoming more and more each day a Populist candidate pure and simple, and if the present Democratic tide away from him be not checked, the Indianapolis ticket is likely to poll a larger Democratic vote in many States than he will.

The platform adopted by the sound-money Democrats at Syracuse on Monday is perhaps the most striking deliverance of a political body that has been put forth this year. Its strongest and best plank is the one on the money question, but it is not confined to that. It embraces nearly all the subjects that are now attracting public attention, and it deals with all of them in a calm, decisive tone which must command the admiration of thoughtful men, even those who do not subscribe to all of its doctrines. Its most impressive feature is the tone in which it recites the underlying principles of the Democratic party and affirms the intention of maintaining them. The opinion has prevailed rather widely since the close of the war and reconstruction that the Democratic party has no distinctive principles; that what it calls its principles are the rags and tatters of the ante-war period, of various hues, mixed up with the cast-off garments of the Republican party. Probably the masses of the Democratic party itself could not define their beliefs to their own satisfaction except by saying that they are for the cause of the poor man, whatever that may be. This leaves considerable room for doubt as to how poor a man must be in order to have his cause supported by a political party, and also in what manner his interests can be best promoted. It is also unsatisfactory as a definition, since the Republican party claims to be the supporter of the poor man's interests also by protective tariffs. The Syracuse platform declares that "the maintenance of the Constitution in its integrity, the preservation of the national credit unimpaired and the national honor unsullied, the freedom of the individual to engage in all the pursuits of life unhampered by the interference of paternal government, and the right of every citizen to receive the reward of his labor undiminished by a debasement of the standard of value, are fundamental and essential principles of the Democratic party." Of the four parties now in the field, all except the Populists declare themselves in favor of maintaining the Constitution. Two of the remaining three declare themselves in favor of preserving the national credit unimpaired and the national honor unsullied. The Bryan party omits any declaration of this kind, for obvious reasons. The National Democrats represented at Syracuse declare that they are in favor of giving the individual citizen the widest freedom to earn his living unhampered by a paternal government. The distinctive difference between them and the Republican party is found here.

The Democratic situation in Connecticut is unique. In the other States which sent sound-money delegations to the Chicago convention the control of the party machinery has been surrendered to or seized by the silver men. But in Connecticut the gold men on the Democratic State committee, numbering twenty out of the membership of twenty-four, stand upon the gold platform of the State convention, and refuse to acknowledge the right of the Chicago convention to change their party creed. More than this, they angered the Bryan Democrats beyond measure by neglecting, at a recent meeting, to endorse the Chicago nominees, even by so much as naming them in the call for the State convention, September 16. They were careful, too, in their choice of words in that call, addressing it to the electors of the State "who favor the principles of the Democratic party."

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As a result of this manœuvring, a struggle is going on all over the State between the gold and the silver factions for the control of the State convention; this issue so monopolizing attention that no mention is made of candidates for State offices, and the pet State issue of constitutional reform has sunk into temporary obscurity. With a few unimportant exceptions, the Democratic press of the State supports the gold cause, and this, with the possession of the party machinery, gives the gold Democrats hope of success. Their hardest fight is against the inertia of "party regularity," and against the spoils-loving class in the cities to whom party victory is everything and principle nothing. That the contest is an uncertain one is attested by the fact that both sides have appointed provisional State committees. If the gold men win, it is their intention to nominate electors pledged, in the improbability of election, to vote only for a gold-standard man for President.

The final failure of efforts for a fusion between the Bryan Democrats and the Populists in Kentucky seems to assure McKinley the electoral votes of that State. In 1892 the Democrats polled 175,461 votes, the Republicans 135,441, and the Populists 23,500, with 6,442 for the Prohibition ticket. The election for Governor last year called out a still larger vote, and showed a great change in the attitude of men. Hardin, the Democratic candidate, was so strongly for free coinage that he drew to his support more than a quarter of the Populists, cutting down their vote to 16,911, but he lost so many sound-money Democrats to the Republicans that he received only 163,524 votes, while Bradley secured 172,436 and a plurality of 8,912. A fusion of the Democrats and Populists last year would have defeated the Republicans by 8,000 votes, and such a fusion has appeared essential this year to the defeat of McKinley, as the revolt among the Democrats against Bryan is far more serious than the disaffection towards the Democratic candidate for Governor last year. But the Bryan managers have rejected all advances from the Populists, and the chairman of the Populist committee now declares that they "will make a bitter fight against the Democrats in this campaign, and let the State go as it will."

We are assured by persons familiar with the most intelligent sentiment of the South that there is great anxiety there about the position which Southern States are likely to be put into by the election. Southern men who have been doing the most to develop the new South and bring it more nearly abreast with the North, are greatly troubled by the disastrous possibilities of having their States put themselves on record in favor of repudiation. They think the consequences to their credit in the financial centres of the world will be very bad. They say that every Southern State which can be brought to vote against Bryan will be certain to profit greatly by thus showing that it is an exception, and many of them are working earnestly to bring voters to a realization of this fact. Undoubtedly this would be the case. If Kentucky, or Virginia, or Alabama, or Tennessee votes against Bryan, such action will be the most convincing notification which could be made to capital everywhere that, however it may be with other Southern States, one or each of these, as the case may be, offers a safe field for investment and enterprise.

Watson continues to make trouble for the managers who are trying to effect a fusion of the Bryan Democracy and the Populists upon a Presidential ticket which will carry Sewall for the second place. These managers thought they had found a way out of their embarrassment by refusing to notify either Bryan or Watson of his nomination by the Populist convention, on the ground that the precedents of the party were against such action. But Watson shows from the record that, four years ago, Weaver and Field, the Populist nominees for President and Vice-President, were both notified of their nominations and made speeches of acceptance. If nominees are not notified, and do not respond, he asks, how is the party to know whether they accept the nomination and endorse the platform? If the St. Louis convention did not mean that Bryan and Watson should be notified, why was a committee appointed to notify them? Continuing his disagreeable questioning, he asks whether Senator Allen, chairman of that committee, refuses to do his duty because he is afraid Bryan will repudiate the support of the Populists. He concludes in a way which shows that he "means business":

> "If Mr. Bryan is ashamed of the votes which are necessary to elect him, we ought to know it. He cannot carry his own State without our help, and if he is ashamed of our help he is not the man our people have taken him to be. Let's have no dodging. Let the committee do its duty and notify Mr. Bryan. It is humiliating both to the party and to its other nominee, Mr. Watson, to let the campaign go on in this unheard-of manner."

The tone of Mr. Bryan's speeches continues to fall steadily as his journeyings advance. He appeals more and more directly to the discontented, and seeks more openly to aggravate their unrest. His entire speech at Syracuse on Wednesday week, and it was a long one, was an insidious effort in this direction, the most reckless one of the kind he has yet made. It was filled with such utterances as these addressed to the farmers: "Have your taxes fallen in the last twenty years? My observation is that they are higher than they were twenty years ago. If it requires twice as much of the products of the farm to pay your taxes now as it required twenty years ago, then in effect your taxes are twice as high. If it takes twice as much of your products to pay the interest upon your mortgages, then that interest is in effect twice as high." What was the object of this kind of talk except to get the idea into the farmer's head that it would be a just and proper thing for him to repudiate half his debt by voting for a 50-cent dollar? Side by side with this insidious misrepresentation was a continuous flood of denunciation of "money-grabbers," "financiers," "syndicates," and "bankers," and an endless repetition of the regulation Bryan assurance that it is the right of every man in our 70,000,000 of people who has a ballot to say with it what kind of money we shall have. His Buffalo speech the next night was one long rant about our being great enough as a nation to select our money standard without asking the consent of Europe, interspersed at intervals with the usual stirring but now somewhat trite assertion that no party in this country has ever dared to declare in favor of the gold standard. Can this style of campaigning stand the strain of two months' more daily use?

Mr. Bryan was as fitly introduced in Buffalo as he was when he spoke in this city. Elliot Danforth of the Maynard State Canvassing Board presided at the meeting here, and another member of the same board, Charles F. Tabor, presided at the Buffalo meeting. Mr. Tabor, at the time the board canvassed the illegal return in defiance of the order of the court, was Attorney-General of the State. As the law officer of the State, his offence was far more heinous than that of his associates. He knew the laws, and he was the paid servant of the State whose sworn duty it was to see that they were obeyed. He should not only have refused as a member of the Canvassing Board to canvass the illegal return, but should have advised his associates, who had less opportunity to know the law than he had, that they were committing a grave offence in canvassing it. He did neither, and was obliged later to appear before the bar of the highest court of the State, hear himself rebuked sharply for contempt of its order, and pay a heavy fine for his conduct. The judgment carried with it conviction also of complicity in a crime against the ballot-box by which a seat in the State Senate was stolen. Since this humiliating experience Mr. Tabor has not figured at all in the public gaze. He comes forward now as an ardent Bryan advocate, willingly performing a service which "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan, the official leader of the Democratic organization in Buffalo, did not feel able to discharge. During the more than a fortnight that Mr. Bryan has spent in New York State the only conspicuous Democrats whom he has been able to rally to his cause are Danforth, Tabor, and Sulzer—

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for Senator Hill was not able to preside for him at Albany.

Senator Hill's performances with Mr. Bryan last week were eminently characteristic. He entertained him at luncheon in his private house, which is most appropriately called a "Roost," considering the Senator's present attitude, and afterwards allowed him to go alone to a political meeting in Albany. Thus he was for Bryan socially, but not committed to him politically. All the journalistic wiseacres are speculating as to what the Senator said to the candidate at luncheon, and one newspaper publishes a life-like "cut" of the feast, which represents the whole party as sitting in the depths of gloom with faces turned away from one another. The great mystery whether or not Mr. Hill will support Bryan remains nearly as dense as ever, with wide opportunity for speculation and bogus reports. This doubtless strikes him as shrewd politics, but it only furnishes new evidence of his inability to grasp the spirit of the present campaign. The people are not looking now for dodgers and trimmers, but for men of courage and convictions, and the Democratic party is dividing very cleanly between the two classes. Boss McLaughlin and his "gang" in Brooklyn took sides last week with Sheehan and Tammany, and came out for Bryan, Populism, and repudiation, emphasizing more clearly than ever the line of division in this State. The longer Mr. Hill remains perched upon his roost, the more difficult will it be for him to descend on either side without disastrous consequences to himself.

The outcome of the Saratoga convention is a most welcome surprise. It can even be called a merciful deliverance from what seemed to be a serious peril. We were threatened first with Aldridge, then with Platt, then with Odell, then with Fish as the candidate for Governor. Instead of any one of these we have Mr. Black, who, whatever else may be said of him, possesses none of the defects which would have made the candidacy of any of the four persons named an injury to the Republican Presidential ticket and a menace to the public well-being of the State. Mr. Black, as his speeches show, is a narrowly partisan Republican, but when that is said of him, the most serious objection which independent and Democratic voters can make to him has been recorded. He is a man of undoubted personal integrity, of much force of character, and, instead of being a "dealer" and "dickerer" with political rascals in his own and other parties, has been a persistent fighter of them. So far as his record gives assurance of his future conduct, he is likely to be a partisan in office, but not a partisan who will seek to disobey or get around the laws, or to advance party interest at the expense of the public welfare. Nor did the convention limit its wise action to the head of the ticket. The nominations of Mr. Woodruff for Lieutenant-Governor and of Judge Vann for the Court of Appeals are to be commended without reservation, both gentlemen being eminently well fitted for the positions for which they are named. It matters little now what action the supporters of Bryan and Sewall may take in regard to either national or State nominations. Every voter who makes up his mind to vote for the McKinley electors can with clear conscience vote the "straight" Republican State ticket at the same time, reserving his independent action for congressional and legislative nominations.

The import of gold from Europe to this country, which began week before last and has already reached a volume of $20,000,000, is chiefly remarkable as our first gold importation, on a genuine commercial basis, since the winter of 1891. It is true that we have received since that time some large amounts of foreign gold. But the importations of last spring and of 1895 were purely a matter of barter against new Government issues sold abroad, and were made with sterling exchange either at or near our actual gold-export point. In 1893, again, the large gold imports of the autumn simply responded to the panic premium on currency, and were thoroughly abnormal. There is a perfectly apparent reason why the sterling market now, for the first time in nearly half a decade, has returned to rates which warrant these gold imports. It is well enough known that, prior to 1892, import of gold from Europe to New York was a regular incident of the autumn season. During the spring and summer, when our merchandise exports were light and our imports heavy, exchange advanced and gold went out from here to Europe. In the fall and winter season, when our produce export trade was heaviest, the gold came back again. So confidently did bankers count on this automatic ebb and flow that gold for export was invariably supplied from the New York banks, and no gold-shipper thought of resorting to the Treasury. The banks were satisfied to supply the foreign trade in March with the gold which they were well aware would return in August and September.

How completely all this proper adjustment of the international market was upset by the reckless law of July 14, 1890, every intelligent reader is aware. At the very moment when a general movement of trade reaction had set in, and when, therefore, the domestic need for circulating medium was light, the Government was driven into the money market with a compulsory annual issue of something like $50,000,000 of paper. What followed is a matter of recent history. The channels of currency were glutted within two years; the West, instead of taking currency from New York at the harvest season, sent idle legal tenders East, and, by the opening of 1892, an expulsion of gold from our markets began which has since been almost continuous. In the middle of 1892 the city banks were compelled, in self-defence, to protect their own gold holdings; as a consequence, remitters to Europe, under the continuous high rate of exchange, were forced to the redemption of legal-tender notes in gold at the sub-treasury. If we are asked what has brought about the present wholesome change, the simple answer is, contraction of the currency. Withdrawal of idle money into the Treasury as a result of the bond issues is a sufficiently clumsy recourse—it has been doubly hampered by the deficit in revenue; but it has at last proved effective in restoring the money market to natural conditions. Even a year ago last month, the total currency circulating in the United States was nearly $13,000,000 greater than in August, 1892. Last month it was nearly $100,000,000 less than in August, 1895. The autumn trade begins, demand for money grows to keenness, and at once, for the first time since 1891, foreign exchange declines to the import point and foreign gold flows freely to our markets.

Now that we are on speaking terms with the protectionists, some of whom cannot refrain from "talking tariff," it seems proper to call attention to what has taken place in New South Wales. This colony, which for many years had a "tariff for revenue only," fell recently into the hands of the protectionists, who at once applied their principles. The results not meeting popular approval, a free-trade policy was once more adopted, of course amid violent outcries against the ruin of industries, which in this case had some claim to be in their infancy. But so far ruin has been averted. A dock company which was to go out of business, is building a new and larger graving dock. The intercolonial fleet is growing "by leaps and bounds." It was predicted that if the duty on wheat was removed, land would go out of tillage; but the number of acres under wheat has increased this year by 156,000. The indications are that this year, for the first time, New South Wales will produce all the wheat it consumes. The farmers who have taken up the new lands are immigrants from the high-protection colony of Victoria. It is even true, according to the correspondent of the London *Times*, that no factory of any kind has closed its works or reduced its output. It should be added that this free-trade experiment has resulted, not in a deficiency of revenue, but in a surplus. As they have no silver legislation to contend with in New South Wales, and the cost of administering the government has been materially reduced, this does not seem to us surprising.

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McKINLEY'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

MR. MCKINLEY'S letter of acceptance had been awaited with some feeling of apprehension by those of his supporters in the present campaign who are not members of the Republican party. If we may judge from communications which have reached us from Republican sources, there was fear also in that quarter lest he should say something which might turn away a part of the non-Republican support that he has thus far received. The letter is now in print. It is better than we had anticipated, and is not likely to repel any substantial support that the writer of it had already gained through the gigantic folly of the Chicago convention. On the money question the argument is very lucid and very sound. Although we "take no stock" in international bimetallism, looking upon it as a vain effort to grasp at moonbeams in a pool of water, we are aware that both parties have been committed to it and that the Republican party is still committed to it. In the very worst aspect it is harmless, and there is no reason for quarrelling with anything Mr. McKinley says on this branch of the subject.

The acknowledgment is tacitly made that the money question is the chief issue of the campaign by giving it the foremost place and the largest amount of space in the discussion. The arguments are simple and well arranged and well presented. The silver dollar under free coinage, the letter says, "seeks to introduce a new measure of value, but would add no value to the thing measured." After recounting the manufacture of the silver dollars now outstanding, and their sale by the Government at 100 cents gold for each of them, and the Government's promise to keep them at par with gold, it points out the dishonoring fraud of a measure whose effect must be to reduce the value of every one of these dollars to 53 cents gold. The Government could not take up and redeem these dollars in gold while the mint was pouring out an unlimited quantity of others, of the same kind, for private parties, which were passing at once into circulation. Of course no such redemption of the present silver currency is intended by the silverites themselves, even it were possible. What they demand is the instant repudiation of the promise made by the Government to keep the two metals at a parity. Mr. Bryan may express an opinion that a free-coinage act passed by our Congress would have the miraculous effect of doubling the value of all the silver in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It is hardly possible that he can believe this, but let us be charitable and suppose that he really does believe it. Then suppose he is mistaken. Suppose that a free-coinage act is passed and that silver does not advance to par with gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. Then neither Mr. Bryan nor anybody else proposes to redeem these old dollars. The loss must fall on everybody who has them in his pocket, and it will be found when the time comes that they are all in the pockets of the laboring men, the farmers, the "plain people." The banks will have none of them. The rich people will have none. So it will turn out, as regards this particular part of the public obligations, that the Government has repudiated its own silver currency, and that the first ones cheated have been the poorer and more helpless classes of the community.

The tariff part of Mr. McKinley's letter is, of course, not to our taste. Nothing that he could say on that subject consistent with his own previous record or with the platform of his party would be. We differ from him on this subject in toto. Probably all the Democrats and Independents who are now supporting him differ from him. They support him not for his tariff views, but in spite of them. They believe that the election of Bryan would be an overwhelming calamity. They think that national repudiation, however brought about, whether through ignorance or through design, would leave the American republic a wreck and derelict among nations, and that, as compared with this issue, the tariff is of trivial consequence. They know that there will be time enough to fight that battle hereafter. They feel as Stephen A. Douglas did at the beginning of the civil war when he said: "Give me a country where my children can live in peace, and then we can have room to settle our political differences." They recognize the fact, too, that Bryan must be beaten for the most part by Republican votes, and that whatever is requisite to hold Republicans in line and prevent them from catching the silver craze must be said and done. But if any Democrats cannot abide what Mr. McKinley says on this subject, they have a sure refuge in a third ticket which, as we go to press, is being nominated at Indianapolis.

The clause of Mr. McKinley's letter touching the conditions of business at the close of Mr. Harrison's Administration and the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's second term is likely to cost him some votes and was quite unnecessary. He pictures a happy condition of things in December, 1892, and a gloomy condition in August, 1893. The testimony as to the latter is derived from President Cleveland's message, sent in at the extra session of Congress called to repeal the Sherman act. The quotation made by Mr. McKinley closes thus:

"With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment, and with satisfactory assurances to business enterprises, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended because abundant assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors. Surviving corporations and individuals are content to keep in hand the money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that the securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business."

Here the quotation stops. The next words used by President Cleveland are these:

"I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general Government."

Mr. McKinley omitted this sentence because he wanted it to appear that the distress was caused by the change of administration. He might think so—everybody is privileged to have his opinion on that subject; but it would have been more consistent with fairness of discussion if he had quoted one more sentence from the document before him.

The closing passage in Mr. McKinley's letter of acceptance is a proper quietus to the apprehension that the election of the Republican candidate may mean a renewal of the attempt to enact sectional legislation. It is as complete a committal of himself against any favor to such a policy as could be asked. Mr. McKinley was leader of the House when that body passed the Force bill of 1890, but he will never advocate as President another such measure. He has learned wisdom on this subject himself. Even if he had not, irresistible forces have been at work since 1890, and are still operating, which would prevent a return to that policy. The federal election laws have been repealed, the Republican party recognizes the wisdom of such repeal, and the Republicans of the South would be the first to oppose any attempt to restore those statutes. These things will make it hard for the Bryan men in the South to use the sectional issue with effect. At the same time the Republicans will pay the penalty of having clung to the Force-bill policy too long, by failing to carry some States in the South this year which might otherwise have been debatable ground.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY.

A REMARKABLE apathy characterized the more independent and intelligent members of the Democratic party during the spring and early summer. To tell the truth, they had been paralyzed by the astounding performance of President Cleveland in connection with the Venezuelan affair and had not fully recovered from the shock. They were like troops whose general goes crazy in the presence of the enemy, and who cannot improvise leaders. Add to this that they had been sickened by the proceedings of Congress in connection with the passage of the tariff act, and by its subsequent folly in making lavish appropriations that could be met only by reissuing greenbacks which, as soon as reissued, would be exchanged for gold, and it must be admitted that apathy was natural, if not excusable. This, however, gave the silver faction their opportunity. Seething with hatred of Cleve-

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land, they saw with delight that his supporters were disheartened and demoralized, and that the time had come when every element hostile to the policy of the Administration could be united in a compact body and committed to free silver and Populism in general. The result was awaited by the conservative Democrats with resignation, almost with despair.

When the result of the Chicago convention was known, however, it was so much worse, both in principles and in candidate, than had been expected, that the conservative element was for a while stunned. It seemed in vain to struggle, undignified to protest. But very soon the wrath of men outraged in their party feeling, in their honor, and in their patriotism, flamed up, and ringing protests were heard on every hand. For a time it seemed that these protests might grow fainter and less numerous, but as the true extent and danger of the calamity that had befallen the country were realized, protests were succeeded by defiant action. Meetings began to be held, and then organization was proposed. It was to be an organization for moral effect alone; but organizations with a strong moral principle in their constitution often attain a sudden development that surprises those who form them. The movement to rescue the party name from anarchists and repudiators was at first "a little cloud like a man's hand"; but the political heaven has suddenly grown black with clouds and wind, and Mr. Bryan, like Ahab, may well listen to the warning—"Prepare my chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not."

The platform to be adopted by the National Democrats must consist largely of denials and protests. The abominations contained in the Chicago platform are so many and so varied as to require denunciation both complicated and voluminous. That convention must be cursed both in its downsitting and in its uprising, in its coming in and in its going out. But the country expects something more than this from the Indianapolis convention. It is time for the assertion of a definite and positive policy concerning the currency. The Republican party is now committed against free silver coinage, but that is not enough. We should not now be in trouble with the silver craze had it not been for the everlasting greenbacks and the deplorable legal-tender decisions. No one can compute the losses which the country has suffered from its persistence in the miserable fallacy that the Government's promises to pay money are really money, and that when a note has been paid it must be reissued. The losses that the people have suffered during the last three years from this cause we verily believe are greater than our whole national debt. We could maintain a currency consisting exclusively of gold, or gold certificates of deposit, at one-tenth of the charge for interest that the greenbacks cost us in our efforts to keep them afloat.

It is hardly necessary to say that nothing can be more in accordance with the original doctrines of the Democratic party than the assertion that the whole theory of the legal-tender acts is wrong, and that the legal-tender decisions were disastrous and should be corrected by constitutional amendment. The Democratic party was always known as a "hard-money" party, and it is enough to make the statesmen who gave the party its prestige rise from their graves to have a national convention of Democrats declaring in favor of paper money issued by the Federal Government as legal-tender. Both in Illinois and in New Jersey the platforms adopted by the true Democrats call emphatically for the repeal of all laws authorizing the issue or reissue of legal tender or Treasury notes by the Government, and demand that it shall retire from the banking business. Beyond question this is to be the next great national issue. We can never be secure so long as this pestilent heresy prevails that the Government's promises to pay money are money. The greenbacks are at the bottom of all our troubles, and they will rise up to plague us whenever revenue falls off or the business of the country is bad. Sooner or later they must be cancelled, and the sooner the better. And the sooner this is made a political issue the better; for the country will hardly be again so thoroughly informed concerning the elements of monetary science as it will be when the present campaign is closed.

On every account, therefore, it is to be hoped that the Indianapolis convention will make a clear and unmistakable declaration of the only sound and the only Democratic doctrine on this vital matter. But there is another subject of no less importance. From every quarter we hear talk of "insufficient revenue." Insufficient for what? Why, to equal the wicked, the shameless extravagance of Congress. The talk of insufficient revenue means the reality of increased taxes. The taxes paid by the people are sufficient for good economical government now. They have increased, they are increasing, and they ought to be diminished; and the Indianapolis convention ought to say so. In 1885 the Treasury disbursements were $260,000,000, in 1895 they were $366,000,000; and these figures do not indicate the whole burden that falls on the people.

No doubt we are a wealthy people, but our wealth is not increasing at any such rate as the extravagance of our Congressmen. An eminent Republican once laughed at the idea that a tax of three cents a day could be a burden for any one. But there are millions of men, even millions of families, in this rich land, whose income is not a dollar a day. Multiply three cents by five, as the number in a family, and who can say that the poor of this country are not robbed by their representatives? No Congressman in private conversation ever defends the river and harbor bill. He laughs and says it is a "steal," but that it can't be helped. No one defends the printing bill, or the seed-distribution bill, or a hundred other flourishing iniquities. It is high time for the hypocritical talk about "the needs of the Government economically administered" to cease, and for some party to tell the people that the appropriations of Congress have increased outrageously and shall be reduced. We do not want more revenue, but less expenditure, and it is much to be desired that the Indianapolis convention should say so.

THE FARMER'S INTEREST IN SOUND CURRENCY.

PERHAPS there is no class in the community concerning whose attitude towards the free coinage of silver so much doubt is felt as in the case of the farmers. It would be idle to deny that many of them are honest in their belief that something ought to be done to check the fall in the prices of agricultural products. So many writers of repute have argued in favor of bimetallism upon this ground that it is hard to blame intelligent farmers for following them. Many of the farmers have fixed charges to meet, and with corn and oats and horses and butter and potatoes selling at their present prices, they do not see how they can do it. Such men are really desperate; they may not clearly see how the free coinage of silver will benefit them, but they do not believe that their condition can be worse than it is now, and they are ready to try any expedient that promises to improve it. The Bryanites assure them that free coinage will do this by raising prices; Gov. Boies of Iowa, a man whom we should be sorry to believe dishonest, and whom we are sorry to class as a Bryanite, tells the farmers that "cheaper money, money which they call, if you please, 'depreciated currency,' is the best for the people, because it tends to raise the prices of products." On the other hand, the sound-money men are in the difficult position of having to admit that free coinage will raise prices, and at the same time of having to maintain that this will not help the farmers.

As we have heretofore pointed out, the most effective way of putting the matter in the true light is by showing that it is not the amount of money that is received from the sale of goods, but its purchasing power, that is important. Were the great mass of farmers brought to realize that they would have to pay twice as many dollars for everything they buy, they would not be tempted by the possibility of getting twice as many dollars for what they sell. Gov. Boies maintains that it costs 28 cents a bushel to raise corn in Iowa, while corn is selling there for 14 cents. He therefore recommends that Congress raise the selling price of corn to 28 cents, but he does not explain how this can be done without raising the

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cost of production to 56 cents; and if he cannot explain this his argument fails.

But there are some other considerations in favor of a stable currency that should appeal with especial force to the farming class. These considerations are not often presented to them, as they involve some acquaintance with economic science; but they are by no means so recondite as to be beyond their comprehension.

As was long ago observed by Adam Smith, agriculture does not admit of the application of large capitals to the same extent as other branches of industry. No doubt larger capitals are now employed in farming than when Adam Smith wrote, but his proposition is on the whole quite as true now as then. We cannot here give the reasons why this is so, but we may refer to a single fact that is quite conclusive on the point. Every one knows that the great industries of transportation and mining and manufacturing are to a very large extent carried on by corporations, individual enterprises being exceptional. But how many people have ever heard of a farming corporation? Some such corporations, we believe, do exist, but they are altogether exceptional. Moreover, the individuals or firms that carry on manufacturing or mining or transportation are generally of great wealth, but there are few farmers of great wealth. The immense majority of them work with their own hands; sometimes not so hard as their hired help, but often a good deal harder.

Another consideration of importance is that the farmer has most of his capital in the shape of land, and employs a very small proportion in the purchase of materials and a comparatively small proportion in the purchase of labor. The industry of mining resembles agriculture in the former of these particulars, but it differs very much in the latter, and the difference is vital. And it is to be added that, in this country, farming is to a great extent carried on in competition with the farming of other countries. We export very large quantities of the products of our farms, less of the products of our mills, while transportation of course is not an exportable commodity. Thus the price of the great staples of agriculture is more or less regulated by the price that can be obtained for such part of these products as is exported, while the price of manufactured goods is much less affected in this way.

Bearing these conditions in mind, it is evident that farmers as a class are quite unable to adapt the supply of their commodities to the demand for them. They cannot see how large a wheat crop will be produced next year in France or Russia or even in this country. They have to go ahead and sow their wheat at a venture. Even if they were able to foretell the weather, they are quite unable as individuals to foretell one another's actions. There were great crops of corn and potatoes last year, which brought unremunerative prices. Some farmers reasoned from this that the others would not plant so much corn and potatoes this year, that the supply would therefore be short and the prices high. But the trouble was that nearly all farmers seem to have reasoned in this way, and the result is that we are likely to have more corn and potatoes than ever, and the prices will be lower than ever. Sometimes farmers talk of combining to limit the acreage planted to cotton and other crops. But the idea is chimerical. No such combination could possibly be formed, or, if formed, maintained. There is but one course for the ordinary farmer to pursue, and that is to raise the largest crops that he can, trusting that the demand will be such as to give him compensation.

While the difficulties encountered by manufacturers in combining to restrict their production are very great, they are by no means insuperable. The Arkwright Club in New England is composed of a few score, perhaps a few hundred, men, who control many millions of spindles. A meeting of this club was called last June to consider the proposition that all these spindles should stop, with the result that many millions have stopped. These gentlemen foresaw that the demand for their goods was likely to be small, and they therefore curtailed their production. They ceased to employ their circulating capital in the purchase of raw materials and in the payment of wages. They of course lose the interest on their fixed capital; but a sound concern is always prepared to face this loss for a period, whereas a farmer, as we have said, can do none of these things. He must use his land. He may try to vary his crops, but if the business of the country is demoralized that will not help him. The action of the manufacturers in curtailing production reduces the demand for agricultural products. Workmen who are getting no wages cannot buy much; people who are getting no dividends try to reduce their living expenses. The result is that the farmer has in panic times almost to give away his crops. Any price is better than no price, and the farmer has to take what he can get. We have been informed by a gentleman who was engaged in manufacturing flour in 1857 that, after that panic, the flour that he produced did not sell for enough to pay the charges on it. It is undeniable that business men in general anticipate a crash in the event of Mr. Bryan's election. Of course, Mr. Bryan will say that this would be the work of the money-lenders, but that circumstance would be no particular consolation to farmers who found the demand for their products extinguished in the destruction of the purchasing power of their customers.

We can hardly believe that the missionaries in the cause of sound money will fail in convincing farmers who are at all open to conviction that the prices (the real prices, not the nominal ones) of their products depend on a steady and natural demand. Normally there should be a steady flow of immigrants and of capital into this country, which, added to the ordinary increase of our own population and capital, would produce that sound and healthy state of business when the selling prices of all products equal the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. But, owing almost entirely to our silver legislation, the course of capital has been turned back, immigration has been arrested, and failures and cessation of production have diminished our own capital. It may be very wrong of bankers and capitalists at home and abroad to pursue the course that they have pursued, but that is not the question. It may be wicked for manufacturers and miners to cease production and discharge their workmen, but that is irrelevant. What the farmer wants is to get a fair price for his products, and this he can do only when the doubt concerning the currency is removed.

TURKEY IN EXTREMIS.

THE Cretan trouble was growing in gravity so rapidly that it alone threatened the Turkish Empire when the recent riots occurred in Constantinople. The Cretans have been in insurrection for a year, owing to the total breakdown of the Cretan constitution accorded in 1867 by the Porte, which included a "General Assembly," composed of both Christians and Mussulmans, but which has never met, or not more than once or twice, owing to the fixed belief of all parties that its resolves would have no effect. In fact, the indefinite retention of Crete by the Porte has been impossible since the Treaty of Berlin. The success of the Servians, Bulgarians, and Rumelians in securing complete or partial independence, and of the Montenegrins and Greeks in getting an extension of their territory at that time, has rendered peace impossible in European Turkey, for it has produced among all classes of the Turkish population the conviction that the end is near.

The Cretans are being powerfully assisted by their brother Greeks of the mainland, with both arms and men, and the Turkish navy is quite unable to prevent these accessions of force. It has been so evident for some time that it would be impossible to suppress the insurrection as long as this went on, that some of the Powers which are engaged in upholding Turkey, foremost among which is Germany, some weeks ago proposed to blockade the island; but Lord Salisbury, to his honor, refused to concur. It was bad enough not to interfere on behalf of the Cretans, but to interfere against them would have been worse. Accordingly there is now no danger of it. Remonstrances addressed to the Greek Government have proved equally useless. It cannot, if it would, prevent the dispatch

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of aid to the Cretans. The population is thoroughly aroused, and the islands are so numerous and the coasts so extensive that effective surveillance is out of the question. Moreover, in these Turkish wars regulars are not necessary. Both sides fight through massacre and pillage and from behind walls and ditches, and the Greek volunteers, though nothing but armed peasants and fishermen, gave a good account of both the Mussulman inhabitants and soldiery. The longer the disturbances last, the more difficult their suppression becomes. The whole mainland is in a state of excitement, particularly Macedonia, and the Montenegrins are straining in the leash. They killed Turks manfully and successfully for three hundred years as a condition of their existence, but for the last twenty years their occupation has been gone. The young men find it hard to grow up under the new conditions, and long to seek out their ancient enemy.

The supporters of Turkey were, therefore, at their wits' ends about Crete alone when the troubles in Constantinople began. But they are inevitable. Contempt for the Sultan's authority has at last reached the centre, after having so long prevailed in the provinces. The Christians have been made furious by the Armenian massacres and by the hopes raised by the trouble in Crete and Macedonia, and the Mussulmans are enraged with the Sultan for not killing more Christians. This readiness of the Turkish Government to make massacre the penalty of all sorts of sedition is difficult to comprehend if one does not remember that, by the Mussulman law, Christians live by sufferance under all Mussulman rule. The Sacred Law gives them their lives and property solely on condition of their remaining quiet and not complaining. Death is to the Mussulman the natural and proper punishment for a Christian who makes a disturbance. Therefore, when there is a rising anywhere, it seems as natural to the Mussulman that all the Christian men, women, and children in the neighborhood of the trouble should be killed as it would seem to us that the ringleaders should be arrested. Never since the Turks took Constantinople has a Christian rising been suppressed except by massacre, and, as a rule, no massacre has stopped until Christian Powers intervened. The Turks, therefore, look on the slaughter of Christian families in disturbed districts much as we looked on the arrest and trial of the Chicago rioters—that is, as an act of vigor on the part of the authorities.

The riots in Constantinople are at last likely to bring matters to a head. The Powers cannot allow that city to be given over to anarchy, however unconcernedly they may look on Armenia or Crete. They must maintain order there, owing to the size and wealth of the European population and the importance of the city to the civilized world. But if they interfere to maintain order, they virtually dethrone the Sultan. The protection of a sovereign by foreign force in his own capital means that his rule is, to all intents and purposes, at an end. To this complexion it has come at last, and to this complexion it was certain to come within a year when the massacres were going on in Armenia. They were largely intended to act *in terrorem*, nearer home. For these shocking scenes of pillage and bloodshed which have disgraced our civilization during the past year, the European Powers are as much responsible as the Porte. It committed them, but they could have stopped them. For this disgrace we are largely indebted to the good understanding between Germany and Russia, and above all to Germany. Lord Salisbury probably would have interfered if he could. He probably might have interfered had he been the strong man people supposed he was, but small obstacles cowed him and drove him into subterfuge.

Nothing in modern politics is stranger than the changed attitude of Christian Europe towards the Turks. When they were really a strong power and able to set Europe an example in both civil and military virtue and administration, it was considered a pious duty in Western Europe to fight them. Now that they have lagged behind the civilized world, and descended to the lowest depths of barbarism and incompetence, it has become the fashion among a certain class of politicians to preach the possibility of their regeneration and the danger to peace and good order of interfering with any brutalities that may seem good to them.

THE KELMSCOTT CHAUCER.

LONDON, August 12, 1896.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has at last published his long-promised edition of Chaucer. It is, as every one knew it would be, quite the most ambitious work issued from the Kelmscott Press, and the chances are that Mr. Morris, in the future, will make no attempt to rival it. Doubtless the book is destined to remain his most important, even if not his finest, achievement as a printer; a fact which gives it a special interest. Judged by his standard, absolutely nothing has been left undone to secure perfection in every detail. It is printed on paper made of linen for the express purpose, and in type—the "Chaucer type"—designed for it. The illustrations, eighty-six in number, are after original drawings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and are engraved by Mr. W. H. Hooper, unquestionably the most accomplished wood-engraver in England. Mr. Morris has contributed new borders and initial letters. Almost nine months were devoted to the printing of the four hundred and twenty-five paper copies and the thirteen vellum. Nor has attention been confined solely to the get-up of the book. Care has been taken to make it an authentic Chaucer, doubtful poems, such as "The Flower and the Leaf" and "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," having been omitted—reserved, it is announced, for a separate volume to appear later on.

Now in these days of cheap hurry a book upon which so much time and labor has been lavished commands respect, no matter what may be the actual merit of the results. On the other hand, perhaps the very fact that it has been the object of so much devotion leads one to consider it more critically, or rather from a far higher point of view than the ordinary volume produced according to the ordinary methods of the trade. The modern printer who can afford to linger over his work, lovingly and intelligently, has the opportunity to combine the advantages of the old makers of beautiful books with the innumerable improvements which, since their time, have been introduced into the arts of printing and reproduction. But in saying this we touch at once upon what we think is the chief defect of almost all Mr. Morris's publications. For it seems to us that he is not as ready to appreciate the old hindrances as the old advantages, that he is unwilling to adapt himself to the new conditions. The Kelmscott Chaucer is a curiosity, a *tour de force*. One turns over its pages as one might those of an early black-letter book. It is curious, it is well done of its kind, it is pleasant to look at; and, moreover, the modern work has the additional virtue—if it be a virtue—of the unexpected, since it is all but incredible that in our nineteenth century should have been found the leisure to produce it. We cannot imagine, however, that it ever would occur to any one to sit down to read and enjoy this Chaucer; and, after all, the chief end of a book is that it should be read, not merely put away on the bibliophile's well-ventilated, well-dusted shelf of treasures.

In the first place, the new volume has a serious drawback from which the other Kelmscott books, even the 'Troye' and the 'Golden Legend' by comparison, have escaped: it is bulky and heavy beyond endurance; by its proportions better adapted to be chained to the reading-desk, in the old fashion, than held in the hand in the new. This is the more provoking because the Constables have shown so successfully that a book may be well printed on good paper, and yet not offend by oppressive weight. In the second place, the Chaucer is printed in Gothic type, which it is a task rather than a pleasure to try to read. Mr. Morris's Roman type is not only more beautiful, but more legible, and we wish he had used it here, as he has for the Shakspere Sonnets and so many other volumes, though it might have seemed less in character.

But since we are forced to accept the fact that the Chaucer is meant only to be looked at, the great point to consider is the degree of Mr. Morris's success in making it a beautiful book. For the printing we have but praise. He has never done anything so good before, never got so clear and strong a black, never managed to obtain such richness and quality in his illustrations. In this respect his triumph is complete, and, as an example of fine printing, the Chaucer will be for ever memorable. But, for all this, he has failed to produce a very satisfactory page. Where there is no ornament, the proportions are not so well balanced as they might be, because of the margin left at the bottom for the sake of the border used on the decorated page; while the little leaf or scroll used as a period, and scattered with unavoidable irregularity through the text, breaks the harmony as sadly as if ink had been sprinkled or insects were crawling across it. Where there is ornament, the page is overloaded. Mr. Morris has been much commended because he has designed fourteen new borders. But we fancy the old

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printer, working on the same generous lines, would not have limited himself to a number which necessitates constant repetition. The illustrations are printed within these borders, and each one is enclosed in a still smaller border, or frame, of its own; the page, to our eyes, suffering from such excess of decoration.

As for the illustrations themselves, they are eminently characteristic of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The weary maiden who, in her time, has figured as the Virgin and Aurora and the Beggar Maid, the wan youth whom we have known as Perseus and King Cophetua and Pygmalion, reappear as the hero and heroine of more than one "Canterbury Tale," of the "Romaunt of the Rose," of the "House of Fame"; and we can but wonder what Chaucer would have thought of so sad a company. Sir Edward Burne-Jones in an illustration, as on his canvas, can fill space to fine decorative purpose, and arrange his mystic, morbid, and often, it must be confessed, ill drawn figures with dignity and rhythmical effect. But we think Chaucer might have found a more sympathetic illustrator. Imagine, if you can, the wife of Bath according to Burne Jones—fortunately he has made no endeavor to depict her—and you will realize how little fitted he is by temperament for the work. We saw some of his original drawings last spring in an exhibition of his studies and sketches held in a London gallery. They were mostly slight pencil sketches, suggestions to be carried out rather than designs to be actually copied, and they have gained strength and vitality in the engraving. We must confess, however, that Mr. Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones have had such a host of cheap imitators, cheapness culminating in the work of the Birmingham School, that the archaic style which they have deliberately adopted in illustration has lost whatever charm it may once have had for us. We are glad that Mr. Hooper has received due credit, not always accorded in previous volumes, for his engraving; indeed, we think that all who had their share in the making of the book might have been as fully acknowledged.

When all is said, it must be admitted that Mr. Morris has surpassed the old work which he has set up as his model; whether he has also surpassed the best contemporary work, however, is quite a different question. Already he is announcing 'Sigurd the Volsung,' to be illustrated and decorated elaborately. It would be an interesting experiment if, for once, he would forget the past, and, profiting by modern improvements, produce a book more in accord with present conditions. We fear, though we hope we may be mistaken, that until he does the true masterpiece will not be forthcoming from the Kelmscott Press.

THE ABBE PRÉVOST.—I.

PARIS, August 13, 1896.

WHY do we still read some of the minor poems of Ronsard, and are we unable to read his ponderous epic poem, the "Franciade"? Why are the tragedies of Racine still read and the tragedies of Voltaire, so successful at the time when they appeared, now utterly unreadable? Why can we no longer read the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and can we still read the 'Manon Lescaut' of the Abbé Prévost? The editions of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïse' can be counted on your fingers; the editions of 'Manon Lescaut' are numberless. I was making these reflections in going over a book on the Abbé Prévost, recently written, with the help of new documents, by M. Henry Harrisse, a writer who has gained some notoriety by his studies on the early history of America and the first discoveries made on the American continent.

M. Harrisse is a bibliophilist, not a critic. He began to be interested in the Abbé Prévost when making a bibliographical study of his works, and trying to discover what was really the original edition of the famous 'Manon Lescaut.' To continue the series of questions I have just put, it might be asked why, of the numerous works of the Abbé Prévost, 'Manon Lescaut,' a small volume, is the only one which is now known. I have never in my lifetime met with anybody who had read the 'Mémoires et Aventures d'un Homme de Qualité qui s'est retiré du monde,' a long series, of which 'Manon Lescaut' forms only the last part and can fortunately be completely detached from the rest, having no relation to it. The works which survive their authors and are not dependent upon the fashions and passions of a particular time or state of society are those only which have their foundations in the immortal instincts of mankind. As long as civilization lasts, the first part of Goethe's 'Faust' will be read with as much emotion as it was read when it appeared. The natural man will always feel compassion for the unfortunate *Gretchen;* the natural man finds in Racine's tragedies what is not found in Voltaire's—a real, a deep emotion, a genuine passion, independent of time and space; and it is because 'Manon Lescaut' shows us the natural man and the natural woman that we cannot help being carried away by the tragedy of their mutual and unconquerable love.

'Manon Lescaut,' besides having the merit of dealing with what may be called the elementary instincts, has also the merit of a sincerity, a reality, which is derived from the fact that the story of the hero is to a certain extent the story of the author himself. This would explain the great charm of its style. "Cela coule de source" is a French saying which well describes the agility, the simplicity, the grace of a style equal to that of Voltaire in some respects and superior to it in others, as there runs under the surface a current of emotion and of ardor which is never found in Voltaire. The life of Prévost has never been very truly told. "Nobody," says M. Harrisse, "has been more calumniated than the immortal author of 'Manon Lescaut.'" M. Harrisse has taken infinite trouble in seeking all the documents which could help him make a real biography of Prévost; he tries to present him to us as he really was, and not as he has been oftentimes represented by the *nouvellistes*, the newsmongers of Holland and of France—a class very similar to our modern newspaper reporters, and not more exact or conscientious.

Prévost belonged to a family established near Hesdin, in the province of Artois; his family was not noble but bourgeois. He was born the 1st of April, 1697, lost his mother in 1711, and pursued his studies at the College of Jesuits at Hesdin. When he was sixteen years old he entered the novitiate of the Father Jesuits in Paris, and remained in it for two years; in 1715 he was sent by the Jesuits to the Collège Henri IV. at La Flèche to follow a course in philosophy which lasted three years for all the students; but he left this college after one year and abandoned the Company. He was nineteen years old. He entered the army as a private soldier, but soon became disgusted with the service and asked permission to reënter the Company of the Jesuits. He was at first refused, undertook to go to Rome to see the General of the Jesuits, and fell ill on the road. "His money being spent, he goes to the hospital and receives some help from an officer who pretends to have given it for his enlistment. Indignant at this, he deserts and flies to Holland. Peace having been made, and the King being dead, and the Duke of Orleans having become regent, he writes begging to be included in the general amnesty and be reconciled with the Jesuits. He obtains all he asks for, comes back to Paris, reënters the society, and begins his novitiate." There remains over this part of the life of Prévost a sort of cloud, but M. Harrisse judges that the account which we have just given, and which is extracted from the *Journal de la Cour et de Paris*, comes nearer the truth than some others given by various writers.

What is certain is that Prévost entered upon his novitiate with the Benedictines in 1720, and made profession November 9, 1721, in the congregation of Benedictines of Saint-Maur, at the Abbey of Saint-Pierre at Jumièges. We have the act of profession, written in Latin in his own hand. Prévost, at the end of his novitiate, was sent to Rouen, to the Abbey of Saint-Ouen, then to the Abbey of Notre Dame du Bec; he was sent as professor to the College of Saint-Germer, and ordained priest in 1726 by the Bishop of Amiens. It was there, probably, that he began to write his first novel, the 'Mémoires et Aventures.' His taste for letters was well known, and he became a collaborator of the 'Gallia Christiana,' a great publication of the Benedictines. After several other peregrinations, we find him working at it in the famous Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prés, in Paris. He withdrew after a few months, and in his 'Mémoires et Aventures' we find satirical portraits of several Fathers whom he had known in this establishment.

It was on the 16th of April, 1728, that Delaulne, printer and publisher in Paris, obtained the privilege of printing the 'Mémoires et Aventures.' We arrive now at the most critical period in the life of Prévost. He clearly was not fit for a monastic life; he said of himself, afterwards, in a periodical called *Le Pour et le Contre:* "I recognized that this ardent heart was still burning under the embers. The loss of my liberty affected me even to tears. It was too late; for five or six years I looked for consolation in the charms of study. My books were my faithful friends, but they were dead like myself. At last I took occasion of a little misunderstanding, and I retired."

After his flight from the monastery of Saint Germain-des-Prés, he remained in Paris. The Benedictine Fathers tried to bring him back, but, failing in their attempt, they obtained an order for his arrest. Prévost was advised of it, and fled to England, where he became the governor of a young gentleman. He afterwards went to Holland, and, in the spring of 1731, the *Literary Journal* of La Haye announced the publication of a novel of his: 'The English Gentleman, or the History of Master Cleveland, Son of Cromwell.' I pass over a translation of the 'Historia sui temporis' of De Thou, which Prévost began and never finished, for the sake of more details on the 'Mémoires et Aventures,' which have 'Manon Lescaut' at their end. M. Harrisse, by comparing dates and editions, comes to the conclusion that Prévost already had the manuscript of 'L'Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut' in

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his valise when he left London, and that, in order to procure some means for himself, he offered it to the Dutch publishers on his arrival in Holland. They preferred not to bring it out in a separate form, but as a sequel to the 'Mémoires et Aventures,' which had already conquered the favor of the public, though 'Manon Lescaut' forms a complete whole, and has no necessary connection with the Memoirs. I will not enter here into a minute bibliographical study of this publication; the French edition which was for a long time considered the original, has now been proved to have been printed after the original Dutch edition. A more interesting question is this: Is Manon Lescaut's story a work of pure imagination, or did Prévost find its chief elements in his personal experience?

In his introduction, M. Harrisse seems to admit that Prévost, as a young man, being once in the company of a friend (the Tiberge of the novel), saw accidentally the arrival of the Arras diligence. He admits it, to be sure, only as a *probable* hypothesis. "Out of curiosity, they followed the coach to the inn where it stopped. . . . Some women came out, who went away at once; one only remained in the court, a very young one." Here we have the famous scene of the beginning, the scene in which Des Grieux feels, in the presence of Manon, what we call the *coup de foudre*, when he is struck by love as by the arrow of Cupid, and feels in a moment in love even to madness. Was Des Grieux the real Prévost? Was Manon a woman with whom his fortune was bound up at that period of his youth which still remains shady? Readers of 'Manon Lescaut' must all have been struck by the intense realism of its passion, and it may not be unreasonable to admit that there was a real Manon in the life of Prévost, and that, after having lost her, he returned to a religious life in the hope of finding consolation in it. Not long after having taken his vows, he wrote in a letter to a friend: "I know the weakness of my heart. . . . I see only too well every day what I should be capable of if I lost sight for a moment of the great rule, or even if I looked with the slightest complacency on images which recur only too often to my mind, and which would have still too much power to seduce me, though they are half effaced." This avowal of weakness, this reverberation of a smouldering passion, is very instructive. Prévost probably always kept in his mind those images of the unknown Manon who had conquered his young heart.

This Manon was certainly not the person whom he knew at The Hague in 1733, and who followed him to England. Prévost tells us, in an article written in London and published in 1734 in *Le Pour et le Contre*, that, "during my stay at The Hague, chance caused me to make the acquaintance of a damsel of merit and of quality, whose fortune had been deranged by various accidents which are not to the point. A man of honor, who lived in Amsterdam, paid her regularly a small pension, from no other motive than generosity. She lived honestly with his help, when her benefactor was constrained by the state of his own affairs to retrench something of his liberality." Prévost, hearing of this change, became a benefactor himself, and when he left for England she followed him. He left some debts unpaid at The Hague. He has been accused by some *nouvellistes* of having committed forgeries in England; M. Harrisse proves conclusively that this accusation must be reduced to the fact that he thought himself authorized to draw for a certain sum on his publisher for a novel which had not yet been finished. The bill was negotiated and protested; the accusation of forgery must certainly be dismissed. Prévost had never occasion to be subjected to the terrible rigor of the English law.

In 1733, Prévost became a contributor to *Le Pour et le Contre*, a periodical which professed to furnish "free explanations on all that can interest the curiosity of the public, in the matters of science, art, books, authors, etc., without taking any side and without offending anybody." The publisher announced that it was written by "the author of the 'Memoirs of a Man of Quality.'" The royal privilege, necessary at the time, was given to the paper, and this favor drew forth the following protest written by Marais to President Bouhier on July 11, 1733: "I wonder how a monk who has cast off his frock and eloped with women can have the credit to obtain the privilege of printing such things in Paris when this is refused to learned and useful works."

Correspondence.

CLASS AGAINST CLASS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the question to be decided by the people of this country at the impending election is, as you repeatedly urge, a financial one, it should not be forgotten that in the minds of a deplorably large body of voters the financial question resolves itself into or stands for the class question. It is well to face this unpleasant fact squarely; for, aside from its painful significance for every thoughtful lover of our institutions, it is plainly one to be seriously reckoned with by the active supporters of sound money in the present campaign.

What is it, briefly, that invests the free-coinage proposal with its peculiarly popular and emotional character, and rallies to its support and fills with a quasi-religious or crusading enthusiasm thousands to whom the expression "16 to 1" is the merest unmeaning abracadabra, and who could no more explain or even satisfactorily state the measure they shout for, and mean to vote for, and would probably fight for, than they could calculate an eclipse? Clearly the notion, industriously spread and unscrupulously played upon by those who hope to profit by it (not excluding Mr. Bryan), that voting for free silver means voting against the rich. "Gold is the rich man's money, silver the poor man's money"; that is the case in a nutshell, as it shapes itself in the minds of probably two-thirds of those who now mean to vote for Mr. Bryan next autumn. Just why the less valuable dollar should be the more desirable dollar for the class who get fewest of them, must seem somewhat paradoxical to the most convinced "Silverite"; but the rank and file of the party are fixed in the faith that voting for the white metal means fighting the battle of labor against capital. Question the average silverman, and you will find this amazing *Credo* responsible for half his resolution and all his enthusiasm.

In the survival of this delusion lies the chance of Bryan's success; and it should be the prime concern of those who have assumed the duty of upholding the cause of honest money to dispel it, and to show that those who are spreading and exploiting it are (while posing as the special champions of 'Americanism") in reality engaged in the devil's work of exciting in this country Old World class hatreds and class cupidities. The important thing is to make clear betimes to the class heretofore swayed by the silver agitators the demonstrable fact that the blows they are cheerfully preparing to aim at the "monopolists" are certain to fall first and with a frightful 16 to-1 ratio of severity on their own backs; and that the proposal for free coinage actually emanates from the camp of the enemy, and is on the face of it the most shameless scheme yet broached for legislating money out of lean into plethoric pockets. It is the inflammatory parts of Mr. Bryan's speeches that tell; and these should be squarely met. E. G. J.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 26, 1896.

TRANSMUTATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is one phase of the discussions which are taking place at this time of the year that interests and puzzles me; and that is the survival of a half-conscious belief that Government possesses some miraculous powers which enables it to set at defiance the ordinary rules of business and commerce. Apparently, Government can take fifty-three cents and by some sleight-of-hand performance can make a hundred-cent dollar out of it. Government can take a lump of clay and, by breathing on it, make a man out of it. Government can "pass a law," and the supply of gold and silver will regulate itself in conformity to that law. Economically speaking, Government can make the sun stand still and the sea open for us to pass through. Plain Tom, Dick, or Harry, whose opinion on the value of real estate, steel rails, or elevated-railroad stock would be received with due caution by his neighbors, becomes, when elected to manage vastly larger affairs, vested with supernatural wisdom—becomes transmuted into an altogether superior being. The incarnation apparently takes place when he assumes his seat in the "halls of Congress." Yet if Tom, Dick, or Harry were elected a committee by indignant property-holders to protest against an unjust assessment before the City Council, no such halo of sanctity, infallibility, and almighty power would surround his acts.

Whence arises this belief in the miraculous powers of Government? Is it a survival of Biblical traditions of the unlimited powers of the Most High? Is it a remnant of the old doctrine of the Divine Right of kings? By what process does a man elected by his peers become, by virtue of that election, possessed of the keys of an economic heaven and an economic hell? And yet, in popular discussions of money questions, there is almost invariably a tinge of the old doctrine of the superhuman, supernatural, almighty powers of Government. In a democracy that in many respects out-Jeffersons Jefferson, you will hear a conception of sovereignty that out-Bourbons the Bourbons. The jumble strikes me as odd.

E. L. C. M.

Chicago, August 25, 1896.

CO-EDUCATION AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have given a very happy title to the letter in the *Nation* of August 27 on the exclusion of women from the other departments of the Johns Hopkins University, while they are given absolutely identical facilities with men for study in its School of Medicine,

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in calling it "The Cart before the Horse." Of course the explanation for this strange freak in harnessing is that Miss Garrett has collected and given (chiefly given) five hundred thousand dollars in order to persuade the trustees of the Medical School to allow women to become trained healers of the sick, but she has not yet offered that incentive to virtue as regards the other departments of learning.

I should like to know whether there has been any discussion of this attitude of the trustees from the point of view of a high standard of morality. Trustees of a great university are a marked body of men, and they owe the community an example of conduct that shall not be open to criticism. But it seems to me that these trustees have here placed themselves in an awkward dilemma. Either there is something wrong about men and women studying together, and in this case it ought not to be permitted in the medical school in return for $500,000, or there is not, and in this case it ought to be permitted in the other departments without any inducement at all. And, as your correspondent implies, there are hundreds of people who would doubt the desirability of men and women studying medicine together, who would not doubt the desirability of their studying everything else together.

Can any one give an explanation of the state of mind of the trustees that shall make it seem less unreasonable, both to the British critic and to the American observer of social phenomena? D. N.

A NEWS CHRONICLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow me to echo the sentiment of your correspondent who, in the issue of the *Nation* for August 13, under the title, "Wanted—A News Chronicle," pictures a most attractive weekly journal of contemporary history, "intended to have a permanent historical and literary value," and wishes the *Nation* would undertake the enterprise.

Such a publication would be of inestimable value to teachers, who are expected to be strong in current history though their textbooks leave history at a standstill about 1886, with perhaps a statement concerning elections in this country since that date and a reference to the Columbian Exposition, and with possibly a suggestion that things are not yet finished in Europe. One must read more widely and wisely than the ordinary teacher can do, to speak clearly to classes on recent history. Such a journal as Mr. Terry calls for, helped out by the *Nation*'s editorials on the important facts in daily history, would make the matter easy. Cannot such a "News Chronicle" be supplied?—Very truly,

Alice E. Hanscom.

Willoughby, Ohio, August 25, 1896.

[We have received several communications of the same tenor with the above. The enterprise, we believe, is far more costly and difficult than its advocates realize.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

An abridgment of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' in collaboration with Jesse Macy, Professor of Political Science in Iowa College, will shortly be issued by Macmillan Co., who announce also a volume of historical studies, 'The Year after the Armada,' by Martin A. S. Hume, editor of the calendar of Spanish state papers of Elizabeth in the Public Record Office; and 'The Hope of Immortality,' by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon.

Further announcements by the Century Co. are 'American Highways,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler, and 'The Shadow Christ,' by the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee.

Thomas Whittaker has in press 'The Historic Churches of Paris,' by Walter F. Lonergan, freely illustrated by B. S. Le Fanu; 'Tudor Queens and Princesses,' by Sarah Tytler; a popular Life of Edison; 'Popular Telescopic Astronomy,' by A. Fowler; and a 'Madonna Calendar' for 1897.

'An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States,' by Charles B. Spahr, will form volume xii. of Crowell's "Library of Economics and Politics."

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will publish 'The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America,' by Morley Roberts, with illustrations by A. D. McCormack; Salomon's 'Memoirs of the Internuncio during the Revolution, 1790-1801'; and an edition of Mérimée's fifty-year-old 'Carmen,' translated and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

Roberts Bros. have in hand 'An Eclipse Party in Africa (1889-90),' by Eben J. Loomis, and 'Leaves from Juliana H. Ewing's "Canada Home,"' by Elizabeth S. Tucker.

'Bacon vs. Shakspere,' by Edwin Reed, a "Baconian," will bear the imprint of Joseph Knight Co., Boston.

D. C. Heath & Co. will soon bring out 'French Selections for Sight Translation,' by Mary Stone Bruce, of the Newton High School, and Mérimée's 'Colomba,' equipped with exercises in French composition by Miss A. C. Kimball of the Girls' High School, Boston.

Ginn & Co. announce 'First Principles of Natural Philosophy,' by Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish a new novel, 'The Joy of Life,' by Miss Emma Wolf of San Francisco.

Under the auspices of the Saxon Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, Prof. Conrad Cichorius has undertaken an exhaustive account of the bas-reliefs on Trajan's Column in Rome ('Die Reliefs der Traianssäule,' Berlin: George Reimer; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Of the seven volumes two will consist of plates, reproduced in heliogravure from the plaster casts in the Lateran; and of these one has just been published, giving the reliefs of the first Dacian War in fifty-seven plates, accompanied by a volume of letter-press commentary, containing sixty-five illustrations and a map of the seat of war by Heinrich Kiepert. Together, these volumes sell at fifty-four marks (say $14); the letter-press alone at six marks. The rest of the series will appear partly next year, and partly at a still later date. The editor has visited the scene of Trajan's military operations, and discusses the subject from a military point of view; but above all he has made valuable ethnological observations on the present inhabitants, from Rumania to Servia, of whom a great number of typical photographs will be brought to bear in the comparison with the barbarian portraiture of the Column. The specimen plate before us is a beautiful reproduction.

The recurrence of the festivals at Bayreuth always brings with it additions to the Wagner literature. Countless pamphlets on the Nibelung Trilogy were printed twenty years ago, when it was first performed. Most of them were violently hostile, and of these none have survived as living issues. Of such as grasped the significance of these dramas, the most successful has been Hans von Wolzogen's 'Thematic Guide,' of which no fewer than 150,000 copies have been printed in German, English, and French. Of the new pamphlets issued apropos of the revival of the "Nibelung's Ring" at Bayreuth this summer, the most promising seemed to be J. E. Kloss's 'Zwanzig Jahre Bayreuth' (Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler). Under that head some extremely interesting remarks might have been made regarding the difference between Wagner's régime in 1876 and 1882 and Frau Wagner's practices at all the succeeding festivals. But to Herr Kloss everything done at Bayreuth at any time is superlatively good; he is even bold enough to claim that it remained for Frau Wagner to reveal the true inwardness of "Tannhäuser," when, as a matter of fact, the Bayreuth production of that opera was a complete failure except as regards the superb scenery. Herr Kloss has nothing to say regarding the growing disposition of Frau Wagner and her son Siegfried to neglect the vocal side of the music dramas for the sake of the scenery. The list of singers engaged by them this year is scandalously bad compared with Wagner's list in 1876, which remains to this day a monument to Wagner's selective ingenuity. Yet an equally good, if not better, list might have been made up for this year had Frau Wagner so chosen. Towards the end of his brochure Herr Kloss attacks Weingartner, who, in his recent essay 'On Conducting,' told some truths about the present management of the Bayreuth festivals.

About a year ago Dr. Karl Rosner of Munich delivered an address before the Gesellschaft für Psychologische Forschung on 'Shakspere's Hamlet im Lichte der Neuropathologie' (Berlin: Kornfeld), in which diagnosis takes the place of criticism in representing *Hamlet* as the victim of nervous disease. Rosner discovers a number of "pathological moments" also in the life and conduct of Shakspere himself, and asserts that the delineation of *Hamlet* is symptomatic of the poet's own psychical condition. In Dr. Fr. Rubenstein's brochure, 'Hamlet als Neurastheniker' (Leipzig: Haacke), this theory is examined and refuted in its application both to the Prince of Denmark and to the Bard of Avon. The author shows that *Hamlet's* actions and utterances throughout the whole play prove conclusively that he is neither insane nor diseased, but only "mad in craft." If Shakspere was "neurasthenic," where shall we find mental soundness in the annals of literature?

In 'Thier- und Menschen-Seele' (Frankfort) Dr. W. Wurm records some original observations on the manifestations of mind in men and animals, and comes to the conclusion that the soul or spirit is neither an absolute principle nor a material substance, but a force emanating from the nervous system stimulated and modified by the action of the physical organism under the manifold influences of the outer world. It is doubtful whether this "neue Realdefinition," as the author calls it, will convey any very clear conception to the mind of the reader.

An important addition to the already voluminous Bismarckiana is 'Bismarck's Briefe an den General Leopold von Gerlach,' edited by Horst Kohl (Berlin: Häring). The letters begin June 22, 1851, and end May 4, 1860. Especially interesting is that of October 7, 1855,

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from Frankfort, in which Bismarck complains of the cold and uncivil treatment of himself and wife by King Frederick William IV., the Queen, the Princess of Prussia, and the whole rabble of courtiers, who took their cue from the monarch. The only exception was the Prince of Prussia (afterwards William I.), who had the manliness not to join in this conspiracy of rudeness, and showed himself especially courteous and cordial.

In 1893 the railroad director, Gustav Ebermayer, the civil engineer, Georg Ehrne von Melchthal, and the mechanical engineer, Valentin Zehender, were commissioned by the Bavarian Government to visit the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago and to report the results of their observations. This report is now printed, under the title 'Bericht über eine im Auftrage der k. bay. Staatsregierung ausgeführte Reise nach Nordamerika und zur Columbischen Weltausstellung in Chicago' (Munich: Wolf & Sohn). A brief description of the journey by sea and land is followed by a condensed account of the achievements of civil and mechanical engineering in the United States, the construction, equipment, and administration of railroads, steamboats, and workshops of all kinds, with statistical tables. A "Beilage," or supplementary volume, contains 128 pages of excellent illustrations, drawings of machinery, interior views of cars, etc., serving to elucidate the text.

'La Critique Littéraire: Étude Philosophique,' by A. Ricardon (Paris: Hachette), is a very complete manual of criticism, in which the various forms of criticism are fully discussed and the reader acquires a method which he can apply for himself to any work. The book is divided into two parts, the first comprising a chapter on the utility of criticism, one on the different varieties of literary analysis, and three on historical criticism. The second part, which is by far the longer, discusses impressionism, dogmatism, impersonality, humanism, suggestion, truth and morality in criticism, while a final chapter sums up the views of the author. The book is different from any other critical work issued of recent years, including Brunetière's volume on the evolution of criticism. It is practically a definition of criticism and a guide to the proper application of it. For this reason it is a valuable work, and the clear style of the writer adds considerably to its worth. M. Brunetière has written an attractive preface to it.

Jules Martin's interesting little work 'Nos Académiciens' (Paris: F. Bellanger & Cie.) should have had much earlier notice. It contains portraits and biographical notices of the present members of the French Academy, lists of the occupants of the forty *fauteuils* since 1635, of the various prizes in the gift of the Academy, and the statutes and other historical documents connected with the creation of this famous body.

Eugène Gilbert's 'Le Roman en France pendant le 19e Siècle' (Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Cie.) is not the work needed by students of French fiction during the present century, but it is in parts well done and on the whole will be useful in its restricted way. If the typical works and the great writers had had given them the space devoted to mere lists of names and enumerations of books, the scheme would have been much improved.

The international spirit of higher education, so frequently illustrated in the past, is just now emphasized by the appointment of an American branch of the Franco-American committee whose headquarters are in Paris, and whose aim is to bring to the notice of American students the advantages (recently extended) offered by French universities to graduates of foreign colleges. Students are to be reminded that at French universities there are practically no fees, that living expenses are small, and that the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, between New York and Havre, offers a reduction of 30 per cent. to duly certified American students going to France for purposes of study. Dr. H. J. Furber, jr., is the representative of this Franco-American committee, and the American members are: Presidents Low of Columbia, Dwight of Yale, Eliot of Harvard, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Schurman of Cornell, and Whitman of Columbia University, Washington; Profs. Gould, Chicago, and Simon Newcomb, Washington; and Messrs. G. Brown Goode, W. T. Harris, S. P. Langley, Carroll D. Wright, and Andrew D. White. We note the absence on this committee of any of the women educators of the country.

The term for applications at the Women's Higher Courses in St. Petersburg (corresponding to Radcliffe and Barnard Colleges) closed on August 12. Five hundred applications were received for the one hundred and fifty vacancies in the entering class. The preference will be given to those graduates of the gymnasia and Government institutes who have medals. The course of instruction has been considerably enlarged for the coming year. A new chair of the Theory of the History of Pedagogy has been established. Lectures on zoölogy and pedagogy are to be given again. Zoölogy and physiology were discontinued several years ago as imbued with a tendency to create strong-mindedness of the wrong type—the revolutionary. There is also to be a new course treating of the Investigation of the Soil. It is interesting to note, in connection with these new arrangements, that several young women who left the Higher Courses and entered the University of Geneva have petitioned to be readmitted to the Courses. They state that the instruction in Geneva is less serious than in St. Petersburg, and leaves much to be desired.

Of the 26,092 recruits for the Bavarian army in 1895 only eight were unable to read and write. Three out of 4,526 recruits from the Palatinate, two out of 4,002 from Upper Bavaria, and one each out of 3,520 from Lower Bavaria, 2,728 from the Upper Palatinate, and 3,068 from Middle Franconia were found deficient in this respect. Of 3,029 recruits from Upper Franconia, 2,521 from Lower Franconia, and 2,698 from Schwaben, not a single one was unable to read and write. In France the effects of the introduction of obligatory school-attendance are perceptible, although the improvement in elementary education is rather slow. In 1890 the percentage of French recruits unable to read and write was 8.14; in 1893 it was 6.43, in 1894, 5.74, and in 1895, 5.53. In Germany the percentage is 0.40, including the Polish provinces; in Bavaria it is only 0.04.

—Mr. Andrew H. Allen has just sent out the calendar of the letters to Thomas Jefferson included in the Jefferson MSS. in the Department of State. Priding himself as much on his scientific as on his political knowledge, Jefferson conducted a correspondence with many descriptions of persons, ranging from the "crank" to the philosopher. Naturally the political letters stand first in interest for their historical value. The splendid series of letters and Cabinet memoranda from Gallatin, Madison, Smith, and Dearborn are supplemented by as valuable series of letters from Monroe, Paine, Gerry, Rush, Duane, and Callender. This publication brings into prominence the fact of many gaps in the political features of the collection, and gives color to the belief that Jefferson examined his papers and made away with many of them before his death. Much remains of a nature to have led to its destruction had such an examination been thorough; yet we should look for much more than is found from Giles, Nicholas, Pendleton, John Taylor, Randolph, and other members of the Jefferson following in Virginia, and from the Republican leaders in other States. There are few letters dating before 1780, and those few are not among the most interesting. The proof-reading of this Calendar shows intelligent care, and Mr. Allen could not have bestowed a greater boon on workers in American history. Congress should complete this notable collection by purchasing the four or five thousand letters written to Jefferson now in the hands of his descendants.

—Few men with any experience in public life have been so transparent in their records as Jefferson. Upon his accession to the Presidency, he became the target for every schemer. The politicians sought his support in their local contests, and, making himself the centre of activity in foreign policy as well as in domestic polities, he invited a correspondence as remarkable for its variety as for its size. Much of it was a mere interchange of formal sentences, but more is curious as showing the types of men who appealed to Jefferson's sympathies and appreciation. Such correspondents as Dupont de Nemours, Volney, Priestley, Ellicott, and Peale, were of high worth; but the compilers of school-books, the inventors of perpetual motion, and the discoverers of the immutable laws of morals and physics turned to Jefferson, sure of receiving at least a recognition which might have a market value. This great collection of MSS., one of the largest in the possession of the Government, is probably the most interesting, because of its many-sidedness. The political career of Jefferson in the Presidency has been so fully treated by Henry Adams as almost to defy further delineation; but the biographer of Jefferson is yet to appear.

—Though having a more restricted membership, field, and object, the four-year-old Colonial Society of Massachusetts could not escape the appearance of being a rival of the Massachusetts Historical Society, oldest of its kind in the United States and now in its second century. It was well that the newcomer quickly repaired the error of its original confusing appellation of "Massachusetts Society." Its present designation indicates its scope, for it admits to membership no one "who cannot prove, by documentary evidence satisfactory to the Council, his lineal descent from an ancestor who was a resident of the colonies of Plymouth or the Massachusetts Bay," while its charter defines its aim to be a special cult of colonial history, through collections, publications, the encouragement of research, etc. The vigor of this impulse is strikingly shown in the superb first volume of Publications, dubbed Transactions, 1892–1894 (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.); and the soil from which the new organization has sprung is equally revealed in Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis's comprehensive survey of "Historical Work in Massachusetts," begin-

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ning with the parent Society of 1790–91, and enumerating a great variety of historical and sub-historical associations, including the Bunker Hill and Wadsworth and Miles Standish Monument Associations, the Shepard Historical Society (First Church) of Cambridge, the Backus (Baptist) Historical Society, the Universalist Historical Society, the Military Historical Society, the Old South Historical Society of Boston, the Bostonian Society, the Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell, and an Oak Tree Association of Charlemont—to mention only types. It is noticeable that while the Rumford Historical Association of Woburn, incorporated in 1877, has a library and collections constantly increasing, the Webster Historical Society of Marshfield, incorporated in 1884, was sold out under the hammer a few years ago.

—Mr. Abner C. Goodell's paper on John Saffin and his slave Adam is the most curious and readable of all, for it exhibits the New England conscience successfully revolting against slavery at the close of the seventeenth century, and involves Chief Justice Sewall and his 'Selling of Joseph,' which Mr. Saffin answered in a tract here reprinted in full, with title-page facsimiles of both tracts and a portrait of Sewall. The narrative is very amusing. Mr. Goodell also incidentally, in other connections, throws much light on Anne Hutchinson and the Antinomians, with a specification of how much Massachusetts owes to the Quakers for her religious freedom; and has some candid remarks on patriot mobs and the Boston tea party which show that the Colonial Society is not given over to mere ancestor worship. Mr. Davis, again, makes a valuable examination of Colonial Corporations, and we can but mention Mr. Robert N. Toppan's "The Right to Coin under the Colonial Charters," Mr. S. L. Thorndike's "Psalmodies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay," Mr. Edward Wheelwright's unhackneyed memoir of Francis Parkman, and Mr. Lindsay Swift's enumeration and sampling of the Massachusetts Election Sermons which, begun in 1634, were discontinued only in 1885. To Mr. Swift also was intrusted the making of an index of surprising fulness. The next volume will be stamped "Collections," and will consist of a full set of copies, from the Public Record Office in London, of the commissions of the royal governors of New England and the Bay from 1686 to 1774, together with their instructions, etc. The satisfaction which every one must take in the making of the present volume is much enhanced by the numerous inserted maps and documentary facsimiles. The future development of the Society will be eagerly regarded.

—The indirect consequences of a World's Fair are well illustrated by the six volumes of 'Bibliographie Française' (Paris: H. Le Soudier; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). This work is the French equivalent of the parent American 'Publishers' Trade-List Annual' and the British 'Reference Catalogue of Current Literature,' and consists, for five volumes, of the French publishers' catalogues for 1895 bound together alphabetically. M. Le Soudier, who has the honor and the distinction of having persuaded his nearly 200 fellow-publishers to agree for this purpose on a uniform catalogue size, relates that his determination to engage in so enormous a labor was fixed by his visit to this country in 1893—no doubt in connection with the Exposition at Chicago. In this instance, emphatically, it is the first step that costs, and hereafter the 'Bibliographie Française' will appear yearly with as great regularity as our own 'Trade-List.' But quite another sort of pains had to be bestowed on the sixth volume, which is the key to these numerous catalogues, and here we find an author-alphabet, with the title of each work abridged and a reference to the page of the publisher's catalogue; and a classified index of subjects with some 400 headings. These two tables are to be kept standing in type, for changes and additions. During the twelvemonth, recourse must be had by inquirers after new books to M. Le Soudier's weekly *Mémorial de la Librairie Française*, which will enable the volume of tables to be issued independently, if need be, of the accompanying catalogues. It would not be easy to overpraise this publisher for his invaluable achievement; and the cheapness of the total work, substantially bound in half-leather, is surprising ($13.50). But this price is likely to go up.

—The American School of Classical Studies in Rome will have its quarters during the coming year in the Story villa, on the Via Gaeta, which has been leased for its use. The house is conveniently situated for the work of the School, and is sufficiently large to provide, in addition to the library and suitable rooms for instruction, apartments for the Director and his family, and possibly for two or three students. The Director for 1896-'97 is Prof. Minton Warren of Johns Hopkins University, with whom will be associated Prof. Allan Marquand of Princeton as Professor of Archæology. Applications for admission may be made to the Director (in care of Sebasti & Reali, 20 Piazza di Spagna, Rome), or to the acting chairman of the managing committee, Prof. C. L. Smith, Cambridge, Mass. Under the energetic direction of Profs. Hale and Frothingham the School has in its first year certainly made a creditable and encouraging showing. Amicable relations have been established with the Italian Government and the Vatican, and with the other foreign schools in Rome. The German Institute especially has been friendly and helpful. Through these relations the opportunities for study and instruction open to our students were enlarged much beyond the necessarily limited resources of the School itself; and the regular courses to which they were admitted were supplemented by visits to museums and excursions to various points of interest in Latium and Etruria, often under such competent guidance as that of Prof. Lanciani at Ostia and of Prof. Marucchi in the catacombs. The year's programme included a visit of some weeks' duration to Greece, where some of the students enjoyed the rare privilege of accompanying Dr. Dörpfeld on his famous *Inselreise*; and on their return they spent ten days at Pompeii and in the Naples Museum under the excellent guidance of Dr. August Mau.

—Meanwhile the School has attempted to do something in a modest way for the advance of knowledge and to interest its students in this kind of work. Under Prof. Frothingham's supervision a careful examination has been made of the site of Norba, an ancient town in the Volscian hills, and a topographical plan has been prepared of the ruins, which have lain undisturbed since the destruction of the town in the time of Sulla. Prof. Frothingham also discovered a network of roads connecting Norba with the neighboring towns. Under his direction, also, and with the aid of subscriptions specially raised for the purpose, a series of moulds has been made of Trajan's arch at Beneventum, one of the best preserved of the Roman arches and representing the best period of Roman sculpture; and the School is now prepared to supply casts to museums. Finally, Prof. Hale, in revising the work of his students on the Vatican manuscripts of Catullus, came upon a manuscript of the poet, hitherto overlooked because "hidden under a false number," but in his opinion of high importance. Prof. Hale has undertaken its collation, and will publish his results in the first volume of the Papers of the School. At the same time the Vatican will publish, at his request, a complete facsimile of the manuscript itself. The two volumes are promised for the coming winter.

—We have already mentioned the discovery of the Delphic pæan to Dionysus, which is edited in the current *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* by M. Henri Weil. It differs from the hymns to Apollo in that it is not accompanied by musical notes; it is, however, older than these, dating from near the close of Philip's reign or the beginning of Alexander's. Its interest is political as well as historic. The author, Philodamus of Locris, *philippizes*; he is inspired by pan-hellenic rather than Athenian sentiments; he indicates also that, at the time of writing, some restoration of the temple was going on. To this work he invites the attention of the faithful, and pronounces that generation blessed which shall behold its completion. His pious muse is rewarded by the priesthood and the Delphians with a decree of thanks and of the customary privileges. The ode, while using the ordinary poetic commonplaces, follows the best traditions in its metrical structure. Apropos of its metres, which are glyconic and are ordinarily called logaœdic, being reduced by modern scholars to trochees and dactyls, M. Weil recalls the fact that the highest ancient authorities, Aristoxenus, Aristides Quintilianus, and Hephæstion, did not so divide or understand the glyconic rhythm. They regarded it as choriambic, as consisting of iambs and trochees, in which the trochees are sung *à contretemps*. This is an offence and a surprise to the modern ear; yet it is the testimony of experts who had heard Greek music sung. Moreover, it is a view supported by the historical development of the choriambic metre, beginning with Anacreon, and by the notation of the musical inscription found at Tralles.

A HEADMASTER OF ETON.

Memoir of Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Headmaster and afterwards Provost of Eton. By Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of Mapledurham. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1896. Cloth, 8vo, pp. xii, 267. Illustrated.

It would be difficult to think of two figures more contrasted, or either of them more characteristic, than that of Dr. Arnold, the Headmaster of Rugby, and that of Dr. Hawtrey, the contemporary Headmaster of Eton. Arnold's school was that, generally speaking, of the professional and higher middle classes. We see the great public-school reformer seated, with a face of earnestness almost approaching to sternness, amid a circle of boys on whom his own image was deeply impressed, and studying in the most serious spirit the philosophic work of his favorite Thucydides, or in the college chapel fervently preaching the highest Christian morality. Eton was the special school of the aristocracy and landed

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gentry. We see Arnold's counterpart seated with his sixth form in a class-room which he had adorned with specimens of his classic taste, robed in a gown and cassock of the richest silk, his gold pencil case suspended by a golden chain, his neat foot complacently put forward in a patent-leather boot, his whole air that of a most elegant and highly refined gentleman, lightly dallying with an ode of Horace, and perhaps letting fall some observation which showed the connoisseur on the remarkable "body" of the ancient wines. The foot was the only part of his frame of which he could well be proud; the face was a favorite subject of caricature, in both carving and crayon, and lent itself kindly to that art, as engravings in this volume show. Hawtrey was an exquisite, almost a *petit-maître*, a scholar elegant, not deep, a composer of graceful trifles in several languages. In vacations he moved, a favorite, in high society, both in London and in Paris. He had as headmaster a very large income, which he spent with a princely liberality. His hospitality was profuse, his liberality to poor scholars unfailing. He made a fine collection of rare and valuable books superbly bound. Neither as a teacher nor as a headmaster could he be said to be strong. As a teacher he cultivated taste, as headmaster he had tact and well understood his boys. A perfect gentleman himself, he always treated them as gentlemen and scrupulously respected their sense of honor. He was inclined to make some reforms; but above him was old Provost Goodall in full canonicals, with wig, knee-breeches, and shoe-buckles, who, like George III., would have no innovation in his time.

A curious institution was Eton in those days. Nothing was taught in the school but classics. Mathematics were an extra, and were in a sort of uncovenanted state. The mathematical master taught, not in school, but in his own lodgings, and did not, like the classical masters, receive from the boys the homage of "capping." Even in classics the teaching in school was almost a form. The same thirty lines of Homer, Virgil, Horace, 'Poetæ Græci,' or 'Scriptores Romani,' formed the lesson of the five upper forms and the last three years or more of the course. Exercises in Latin composition were the most serious part of the work, and, as they were done out of school, the boy might do them himself or not, as he liked. Latin verse was the accomplishment most valued, and that which brought prizes and marks of honor after your name in the school list. There was a scholarship for which the more ambitious boys annually competed, and which in their case supplemented the regular school course. There was always one whole holiday and one half-holiday in the week; when saints'-days fell there were more, and you were never in school more than three-quarters of an hour at a time. Saying Greek and Latin poetry by heart was the most serious task, and with Homer, Horace, and Virgil a boy's memory was well stored. What the masters set themselves in earnest to enforce, and not without effect, was a social code, deemed to be that of the English gentleman, including strict personal cleanliness as well as the manly virtues. There was attendance at chapel with full choral service five or six times a week, as prescribed by the mediæval statutes, but the real worship was that of Jupiter. It was said that a boy, having once been simple enough to seek spiritual advice of Dr. Keate, the Doctor, on recovering from his surprise, gave him an order on a bookseller for a Greek Testament with notes.

Many of the Eton boys of those days went into the army, especially into the Guards or light-cavalry regiments, while others went into the diplomatic service and other public services where at that time patronage prevailed and no previous training was required. Eton, however, took a fair share of honors at the University, and, as might have been expected from the social position of her alumni, a still larger share of the honors of public life. There was not a little intellectual activity in the place of a spontaneous kind. Coming from political homes, the boys took a lively interest in public questions. Gladstone, and Canning before him, were fruits of this unforced culture. Perhaps the Eton boy was partly compensated for his lack of severe training by not having his brain overwrought when he was young. This may be the cause of the vigor and power of work which many eminent Englishmen show in their old age. When the weight is not put early on the horse's back, he does not prematurely break down. The recollection of little work and much play no doubt combined with boyish friendship and the historic beauty of the place to produce the intense attachment of Etonians to their school.

The place was a museum of survivals: the mediæval "bounds" were still nominally kept up; you had to defer to the obsolete tradition when you met a master by pretending to conceal yourself. The river, on which half the boys passed the summer day, was out of bounds. When a match was rowed with Westminster on the river some distance off, it was totally ignored by the authorities and no time allowed for it, though the rate at which readers and choristers rattled through the college service that afternoon to let the boys get away in time showed plainly enough that something was at hand.

Eton, however, though still the special school of the aristocracy and gentry, has yielded to the requirements of the age. Its curriculum is now expanded and brought up to the latest improvements. Only a few old men remember the antediluvian state of things. So much time has elapsed since Hawtrey's death that his biographer has not been able to recover many facts or anecdotes. It was characteristic of him and of the place that, finding at his door two boys fighting, he said: "Well, boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel I suppose they had better fight. But you needn't fight close to my door." That little slide has passed through time's magic-lantern certainly to appear no more.

RECENT FICTION.

The Veil of Liberty: A Tale of the Girondins. By Péronne. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan.

Confession. By Elizabeth E. Evans. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A Colonial Wooing. By Charles Conrad Abbott, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Clara Hopgood. By Mark Rutherford. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A House of Cards. By Alice S. Wolf. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

The White Rocks. Translated from the French of Édouard Rod. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Pirate Gold. By F. J. Stimson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Bachelor's Christmas, and Other Stories. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Massacre of the Innocents, and Other Tales. By Belgian Writers. Translated by Edith Wingate Rinder. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

In the Village of Viger. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland & Day.

A Gentleman Vagabond, and Some Others. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

The Reds of the Midi. Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. D. Appleton & Co.

Emanuel; or, Children of the Soil. From the Danish of Henrik Pontoppidan by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

Camilla. Translated from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The Cruciform Mark. By Riccardo Stephens, M.B. London: Chatto & Windus.

Of making many books of stories out of the French Revolution there is no end. Naturally they have all certain features in common which can be predicted before reading. Péronne justly indicates the especial trait of his tale in acknowledging, among other literary debts, that due to Adolf Schmidt's collection of secret police reports which "throw some light on the point which even that diligent student of the Revolution, M. d'Héricault, admits to finding obscure, namely, how plain folk contrived to live and get about during the general upheaval." "The unimpassioned and realistic narration of the police agent," then, if it has to an extent shorn the book of brilliancy as a novel, has lent it the rarer interest of a faithful chronicle whose facts are more deeply moving than any garniture could be. We recall no story of the period that reveals so intimately the life and manners, even to the costuming, of the ordinary people; homely details abound, which give peculiar reality to the tragedy and bring it close to the vision. At the same time there is more to be learned than in the average Revolution novel, of history, of minor biography, of the relations of the political parties to each other, and of the private religious constancies and apostasies which made the public martyrs. 'The Veil of Liberty' is well worth reading as a book of wide study and of deep instructiveness and interest.

Mrs. Evans is again at her task of warning against evils which one must hope are exceptional. It should be said, to her credit, that the sorry story is told as by one convicted of a mission, and with not the least gloating over evil or self pluming on knowledge. The air of complacent acquaintance with the rotten core under the fresh fair skin of innocent seeming, which defiles so many latter-day books, we find not here. The warning is solemn, and it is solemnly, if daringly, given. Yet, allowing all credit for dignity of motive and for genuine abhorrence of sin, the inquiry survives whether, on the whole, benefit accrues either to the library or to morals from such expositions. It may be that girls without a sympathetic home-training might in the rueful tale find a tonic vision of sin; we take leave to think, however, that the author, even

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as preacher, has made a mistake in reckoning with the wrong end of sin—the inevitable climax rather than the avoidable beginning. If the moral falls, the book falls, it being emphatically a "problem-book"; yet it may be added that the writing is creditably done, and that there is a deal of cynical humor in the picture of a villageful of maids and matrons fervent in the business of pursuing the bachelor clergyman.

Dr. Abbott's 'Colonial Wooing' is a variation from the majority of colonial stories in having its scene laid, not in New England, but in the township of Chesterfield, among the Friends, whose nearest seaport was "the thriving village founded by Penn." A sleepy atmosphere of river-ferry and blacksmith's forge under spreading oak, the songs of many birds, plainly personal friends of the writer, well create an illusion of the Pennsylvania and West Jersey borders. The story, even though it concerns a midnight rescue, the mention of firearms, and a pretty Quakeress so undisciplined that the elders, looking upon her, remembered that there was witchcraft in New England, and were troubled, yet remains (appropriately enough) a rather gray and drab little story, beautifully printed.

"Precious and rare," says Mark Rutherford, "are those divine souls to whom that which is aerial is substantial, the only true substance; those for whom a pale vision possesses an authority they are forced unconditionally to obey." More precious and more rare, we venture to think, are the souls who put the pale visions behind them and cultivate and obey the promptings of common sense. What but yielding to pale visions brought Clara and Madge Hopgood to grief? Madge could not agree with her lover upon what poems of Wordsworth's were the best. She therefore, and not because she was betrayed by him, discarded him, with the approval of all the women in the book, although he begged to marry her and care for her and their child. Ultimately she married a Jew who was a bibliophile. Clara also loved the Jew, and he her, but she gave him over to her sister and became one of Mazzini's martyr agents in Italy. And thus the woman with a past advances from grace to glory. To marry the man who should have been her husband becomes a crime if they cannot agree upon matters of literary taste. That there was any duty to the child seems never to have occurred to Madge, her mother, or sister, and only temporarily to the motherly women who befriended her—they, too, rejoicing that she would not accept the reparation urged on her by the man who would probably make her life dull. It is all very sickish and sickly, but it claims notice because the writer shows rare ability, scholarliness, and power of narration; because, too, there are glints of insight and nuggets of wisdom which one would like to sift out and preserve.

She persists—this type of woman—but plays only a secondary and remote part in 'A House of Cards,' so that we may gratefully ignore her, as a humble but sincere contribution to her suppression. The scene of this novel is laid in California, and it is not a dialect story, but one of society. The characters continually give and are given in picnics, theatre-parties, dinner-parties, and drives. When they are assembled, they fall a-chattering, and contrive to say a few bright things, or to make a few clever quotations, upon which the party breaks up, like a gun discharged and stood in a corner. The numerous persons are not well differentiated, and some are singularly spasmodic, coming in without cause or effect, after the manner of the Picninnies and Joblillies. A trace of Occidentalism lurks in such expressions as "I am equally as determined not to," and (at a dinner) "Yorke was careful at the beginning of each course to give Mrs. Yerrington her queue," wherein the ethnologist will readily see the resultant graft on Caucasian stock of Chinese cheap labor. The ground plan of the novel, turning on certain phases of heredity, is by no means wanting in strength or originality, and the defects mentioned have not hindered it from being interesting reading.

In Édouard Rod's touching story of 'The White Rocks' is to be found a more than usually artistic piece of workmanship. Searching as a study in human nature and the temptations flesh is heir to, it is also at once a poem, in its delicate grace and the speaking picture of a Vaudois community. The very air of Switzerland breathes in it: the sombre religion of Calvin, the snow-crisped sunshine, the sparkle of lake waters. While reading it one is a dweller in Bielle, walks in and out among the vineyards, sits with the townsfolk, expectant, to hear the first sermon of the new pastor, and shares the town gossip. The pastor, his peasant mother, the great lady, her husband and child, the light-weight American father (whose surprising name is Leen), and all the manifestations of Mrs. Grundy to be met in a narrow town, are admirably delineated. It is only a skilled craftsman who can combine sadness and humor in such wise that, as in life, they blend; the one, indeed, often the cause of the other. The translation trips here and there, but on the whole goes with spirit.

Mr. Stimson's story of 'Pirate Gold' has a salt and breezy flavor of early, tar-scented, India-trading, Abolitionist Boston—of the day when merchants stepped out of their counting-rooms upon the wharves and watched their ships come in; ships which might bring in, besides their expected cargoes, pirate prisoners; and when, as the same merchants walked home, they might meet a runaway slave getting sent back to the South, with the slave-catchers, under Federal escort. The story, laid against such pictorial background with excellent effect, deals with the gold doubloons and the golden-haired little girl left by a pirate with the mercantile house of Bowdoin in 1829. Out of the fortunes of the gold and the little girl, and taking as his heroes the old head of the firm and his bookkeeper, Mr. Stimson has made a fresh and interesting book. As to probabilities, nothing need be said, since the story runs plausibly; and as to the taste of some of Mr. Bowdoin's pleasantries with his humorless wife, unto the Commonwealth Mr. Stimson may render his account. The peppery old gentleman cannot fail to win love for himself and pleasure in his portrait; while cautious, devoted, old Scotch Jamie is so real that one does not ask if he be probable.

Mr. Grant's half-dozen stories afford an hour's sufficient entertainment. Beyond that hour they are not likely to live in the memory, if we except the amusing account of the fagged architect who goes to an abandoned farm to spend the Fourth of July in stillness and speechlessness, even bribing his children to accept rabbits in place of firecrackers, and who then is whisked by adversity through a series of adventures which contribute to the gayety of readers.

A dozen short stories by nine Belgian writers are translated for English readers by Edith Rinder as a bait to the further study of "what is best in the poetic and prose literature of the Belgian Renascence." The names of Maeterlinck and Eekhoud, the latter "the Zola of Flanders, as he is sometimes called, though somewhat inaptly," need not affright the timid, nor yet, we make bold to say, need the lovers of stories be powerfully attracted by the work of Demolder, "the direct literary descendant of the old Dutch painters of Scriptural subjects," nor by the "psychic episode" as explored by Messrs. Jenart and Richelle, nor by the two contributions of Lemonnier, "commonly accepted as one of the ablest of the French realists." Delattre's Walloon sketch and the three by Eekhoud, with Krains's "Mountebanks" (a masterpiece of dreariness), are the best of the book. The allegoric writing is overstrained and phantasmal, the realistic largely real and nothing else—real costumes, real properties, real landscape, real kitchen utensils, real blood, real barley-sugar, real horseplay, but not real interest. There is, however, interest in making excursions into territory so little explored, and the best of the stories are justification for the existence of the collection in its pretty and well-translated form.

The glimpses of the French settlement of Viger given by Duncan Campbell Scott are miniatures of village oddities with French characteristics. They show a lively sense of situation and incident together with an affectionate appreciation of nature. But some of them have been done with an impressionist brush, which has on miniatures a smearing effect.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's brush touches lightly, freely, and firmly, in his new volume of sketches, on many of the subjects he has already taught us to associate with him. The immortal and "just grand" Southern Major; sundry laboring men with picturesque clothes, homely language, and valiant hearts; the memorable Bronx River, and some gentlemanly dogs, are among his heroes. Excellent company they are, and thoroughly master is Mr. Hopkinson Smith of the art of putting his figures, human or otherwise, into the precise surrounding that best suits and balances them, so that they neither awaken unfulfilled expectations of importance nor yet hang in mid-air with no excuse for being. In sketching places and odd characters he is happiest. As he approaches incident or plot he is less successful, to our thinking, both in these short tales and also in the longer flight essayed in 'Tom Grogan,' a romance of Staten Island. While his eccentric and lovable heroine is a new figure in story—the woman who hauls and whose home life is beautiful—and while the glimpses of Labor Unions, Village Boards, and political pulls are cleverly worked in as background matter, and while neither the sagacious hoodlum nor yet the goat of the suburbs is wanting, yet does the whole go to prove the author *par excellence* the artist of episode.

The Rev. Theron Ware was so weak and damnable a being that his damnation was but a trifle to accomplish, and by itself might not have been worth writing a book about. The force and interest of Mr. Frederic's book (and though painful it has both) lie in the presentation of the seamy side of creed and dogma. We have not only the Methodist preacher who comes to grief, but the Methodist debt-raisers—a man and woman whose past has been full of alarming variety, and who are delighted to settle down into the "chance and change" of being "good frauds." There is

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the Catholic priest who talks about the "Christ-myth," yet remains an active and devoted priest, and whose hope for the American church is that the Irish shall take to lager beer and become in time a new type of American. There is the Catholic girl who is avowedly "Greek." There is also the man of science who declares all art to be decay, pointing to the perishing of nations in "artistic riot," and proclaiming the end of the Jews because they begin to produce painters and sculptors. The trenchant talk of all these persons is brilliantly set down, and there are curious pictures of the mechanism of Methodist worship and organization which we should think might stir up ire in high places. The story, however, leads nowhither, and the reader is advised to make the most of the panorama as it passes.

It is occasionally the reviewer's happy lot to come upon a little book with neither *if*, *but*, nor *perhaps* lying in ambush in its pages. Such treasure-trove is 'The Reds of the Midi,' translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras. In old Pascal's shoemaking shop of an evening, when the neighbors are met, and a little boy who should be at home in bed is sitting in the corner on a bench with the cat, Lou Materoun queries: "I've always wanted to ask you, Pascal, how it was that you, a peasant from Malemort, happened to be in the Battalion from Marseilles that went up to Paris the year of the Revolution." Old Pascal's answer is the story, retold by the little boy on the bench, whose autobiographic reflections are Félix Gras's own, as we learn, and who makes as charming a vignette of himself as ever hung pendant to an historical picture. The story of the rousing of the peasants of the South against "the tyrant King," their private grievances, their march to Paris singing the "Marseillaise," is lifted by the peasant recital into wonderful reality. It is history made alive, not merely telling the tale of deeds, but plucking out the very heart of the time. Yet in the subject lies only half the charm. It is the touch of the poet, the unerring instinct of the artist, the great heart of the Provençal, that indescribably attract and make the book a thing of gladness. The quality of Mrs. Janvier's translation is admirable, and the very sympathetic and delightful introduction by Mr. Janvier affords a glimpse of the author and his works which adds the final grace to a volume teeming in graces.

Henrik Pontoppidan's story treats of an interesting period in Danish history about twenty years ago, when, to the freeing of the peasants from serfdom nearly a century before, succeeded the movement to free their minds from ignorance as well as their bodies from slavery. The establishment of "people's high schools" for the encouragement of an enthusiastic patriotism was the great work of Bishop Grundtvig in the beginning of the century, and the influence of this institution, as well as of a popular religious movement, is seen reflected in the twin villages of Pontoppidan's story. To our thinking, the facts of the case, as stated in the preface, are more interesting than the novel, which, however patriotic, moves but listlessly for the general reader. The aristocratic priest, his democratic curate, the heresies of a preaching weaver, the manners and customs of a not too interesting peasantry, lists of their clothes, food, and amusements, with the final triumph of the plebeian over the patrician idea, are the leading features of a book more significant to students of Danish progress than to seekers after an entertaining novel.

Danish progress is further set forth in the story of 'Camilla,' an eccentric young Dane who visits Stockholm and sets society by the ears with her heresies. "Her heterodoxies, if expressed in Swedish, would have been quite too shocking," therefore the author lets her speak Danish, in which tongue, we are told, "they sound most piquant and original." Her lack of orthodoxy is mainly in the theological line, so that no well-disciplined novel-reader is surprised to have this shocking young seeker after Ibsen's "higher view of things" an angel of ministration to the sick, visiting cholera patients, healing diphtheria by Swedish massage (full directions given in the text), and alternating these offices with abuse of the orthodox Christian's Deity and liberal flirtations with Stockholm's nobility. There are side views of Swedish family life, a Salvation Army meeting, and plentiful talk of the bringing up of sons and daughters, by a perplexed baron (who finds it "much harder to be a father nowadays than it used to be") and his wise wife (the best character in the story). When Camilla, in a delirium of fever, converses by telephone with the heavenly Powers, her theology is found to be lenient if not strictly orthodox; and of course in loving and marrying a strict Lutheran, she rouses hopes of her rehabilitation. If this is the highest point contemporaneous Swedish fiction has reached, it must be said to be still in the raw.

A very medical and medicinal book indeed is 'The Cruciform Mark,' by a bachelor of medicine. He knows his Edinburgh well and describes it agreeably. He knows the University well, and takes the reader into the medical student's life there, with a knowledge born of evident intimacy. So, too, the Highlands, to which we go a-shooting, and the Tweed, in which we go a-fishing. Then there is Edinburgh society, teas, dances, dinners, Royal Society lectures, functions innumerable, private and public; there is dissection, astrology, snake-venom, second sight, hypnotism, and suggestion. We will not solve the mysteries of the book here by saying which of these agencies is the cause of the many tragedies. The reader curious in the abnormal relations of mind and matter will find here a strange and clever story, brimming with terrors, yet related in a temper both sane and sweet. There is too much in the book of everything, whether relevant or irrelevant. In his overflowing enthusiasm for his many subjects, from the black arts to trout fishing, the writer has allowed himself to put the material for three books into one, which, though nowhere dull, except in astrological moments, becomes oppressive from the too long imposed strain of mystery and suspense, as well as from an excess of the matter introduced to lighten the horrors. We shall be surprised, however, if the book does not attract attention and discussion, and if Riccardo Stephens is not heard of again.

Elements of the Theory of Functions of a Complex Variable, with especial reference to the Methods of Riemann. By Dr. H. Durège. Authorized translation from the fourth German edition by George Egbert Fisher and Isaac J. Schwatt. Philadelphia: Published by the Translators. 1896.

THREE years ago we had not a treatise in our language upon that subject to which the attention of most of the strongest mathematicians has been chiefly and increasingly devoted for now near a generation. Two admirable and extended manuals (neither of them, however, exhaustive) have since appeared; and in this publication the strictest essentials of the theory are presented in an easily comprehensible form, free from unnecessary details and subtleties. The translators may be sure that their work will find welcome from teachers. Two classes of students are likely to use the book. Even to a man who does not intend to pursue mathematics, and to whom any training in working algebraical operations or those of the calculus would be time thrown away, the theory of functions may prove interesting. It will give him a tourist's glimpse, at least, of a new world of thought. It will show him that, scattered about in the community, are men of our race, in ordinary costume, some of them transacting affairs in down-town offices, just as any man might do, who are yet filled with ideas far more foreign to the rest of us than are those of the Chinese in Mott Street. Surely, it were consonant with a generous education to gain some glimpses of the mathematician's world, even if there were no lessons to be learned from it but that of a phenomenon in anthropology. But when we consider that the very finest and most prolific deductive logic can scarcely be learned in any other quarter, and that the life-thought of these who wield that logic cannot fail to afford some useful hint towards a solution of the problem of what sentiments we ought rationally to entertain towards matters and things in general, it becomes all the more plainly worth the while, even of the ἀγεωμέτρητος, to look into the easy and pretty elements of the theory of functions. The first class of students, then, who are likely to want this book consists of those who do not mean to go deeply into mathematics.

The other class consists of those who purpose subsequently to attack the large treatises, perhaps even the memoirs, but who desire a preliminary introduction to the subject. For these last, supposing they already have some ordinary acquaintance with the calculus, it is hard to see how a book could be better suited than the treatise of Durège. It presents the leading ideas so that the student can see how they are applied; and when he has read its pages, he will feel quite confident that he understands at least the general theory of functions, if he be not even ready to handle it himself. At the same time, students who have learned their calculus out of a modern treatise have no need of a separate preliminary work upon the theory of functions. They are already in possession of its governing ideas, and might as well pass at once to more elaborate treatises. For students of all kinds the best way to teach the calculus is to make it a part of the doctrine of functions.

Decidedly, for mere tourists into the world of mathematics, a minuter guide-book than the present work would be preferable, were there one that was not too difficult. One of the chief uses of the study for such a student lies in the accurate yet productive logic it inculcates. Of late years a great deal of research has been devoted to the exact analysis of the conceptions of the theory of functions, such as infinity, continuity, differentiability, etc. The science of logic has been advanced, in no small measure, by those studies. They ought not to be neglected by any close thinker, nor does their exposition necessarily involve difficult technicalities; but of all these recent investigations Durège might, for all his book shows, have heard nothing. His aim, not to say his boast, seems to be that he shall present the theory just as it appeared to the thought of Riemann, sixty years ago. He

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discourses at great length of the topological characters of Riemann's surfaces; but he never points out, perhaps is scarcely aware, that the connectivity of space, as it is imagined to be in the theory of functions (and as Listing also conceives it), is essentially different from that which is attributed to it in modern geometry. For example, according to the theory of functions, upon a plane surface four colors suffice to paint a map, while, according to projective geometry, six colors are requisite. For the student of ideas, the development side by side in mathematics of two disparate notions of space, and that, too, without giving rise to any dispute, is surely of sufficient interest to be noticed. Again, the logic of the interchange of roots in making a circuit round a branch-point is passed over with all the naïveté of Cauchy, who first remarked the phenomenon. Cauchy was a miraculous algebrist and a great logician, but it is notorious that the feet of his agile logic are rather apt to trip. In this matter he skips over a cañon so easily and so lightly that one can hardly make out how he does it, even if one remarks that any cañon is skipped.

The publication will be well received, as it deserves to be. Yet the translation appears to be of the most rudimentary literalness. We say "appears," because we have not made comparison with the original, and also because in sundry places we have been puzzled to guess what the German words could be. Thus, on p. 46, in an italicized sentence, "other" is used where "second" or "additional" would be much clearer; one cannot think the original reads "andere." "This" is frequently used where the English idiom calls for "that." In perusing the pages we are continually coming across such sentences as the following: "By this also the name *modulus of periodicity* is justified, since we can say, analogously to the language of the theory of numbers, that z acquires equal values for such values of w as are congruent to one another to a modulus of periodicity." Such language is not English. In many passages it is not even good German, unless logically confused expression can be said to be supported by such a weight of usage in Germany as to make good sense kick the beam.

Life and Speeches of Thomas Corwin, Orator, Lawyer, and Statesman. Edited by Josiah Morrow. Cincinnati: W. H. Anderson & Co. 1896.

THE career described in Mr. Morrow's pages belongs to a period not very distant from us in time, but in fact completely bygone. Corwin was born in 1794, and the stage on which he played a conspicuous part was that on which the curtain rang down with the outbreak of the war; the part could no more be repeated now than that of Webster or Calhoun. In the United States of to-day the chief interest of life centres in cities, in which the ends of the earth are daily brought together by steam and electricity. In Corwin's prime, life in this country had a local, bucolic, and primitive flavor, which in politics was grotesquely exaggerated. Clay is commended to the people by the fact that he is the "mill-boy of the slashes"; in the campaign of 1840 the Whigs show their love of the people and their sympathy with simplicity of life in public men, by putting up log cabins and serving out hard cider from them; Corwin, having had to find employment in early life by driving a wagon-load of provisions for the army in the war of 1812, is, later on, favorably known in politics as "the Wagon-boy," and his friends and supporters, while singing "Van, Van's a used-up man," and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," do not forget to unite with these inspiring strains the manly stave:

> "Then let us cheer that wagon-boy
> Who drove that noble team, wo-hoy!"

This was the tribute which politics paid to a genuine simplicity of social condition, reflected in all walks and professions.

The Ohio community of Corwin's boyhood was a community of pioneers—their dwellings were actually of logs; so, for that matter, were their first schoolhouse and their first church. They prided themselves on their simplicity, which was considered to recall and improve upon that of the best and purest days of Rome, when matrons still counted their children for their jewels, and Cincinnatus preferred the plough to public office. The presiding justice first selected for the southwestern circuit of Ohio was not a lawyer, but qualified himself for admission to the bar by practice in his judicial capacity. The salary attached to the office was $750; at the bar the highest professional income was $1,000. The common dress was of homespun or buckskin; a professional man wore black and shaved himself. Corwin was throughout his life "Tom" Corwin. In 1828 one James Shields, a Jacksonian, was nominated for Congress against Corwin. In order to damage him irretrievably, a certificate was published to the effect that prominent men of his own party had declared, among other things, that it was his habit, on going to bed, to exchange his cambric shirt for a nightshirt, and Corwin afterwards confessed that it was this charge that gave him his first hope of an election, as he felt confident that Jacksonian Democrats would never unite in support of a man who was too good to sleep in the same shirt he wore during the day.

Such were the times and the community which produced Corwin, and early recognized in him a spokesman. To those among whom he grew up, he was, and to them he remained throughout life, a great advocate, orator, and statesman. More than this, he was, what few statesmen are, a born humorist. When we read of audiences first moved to tears and then convulsed with laughter we feel that it is not a figure of speech. His hearers hung upon his words; his jokes and stories became by-words, until he himself began to feel that he did not produce a sufficiently serious impression, and confided to some young man who asked what course he ought to pursue to achieve success in public life, "Be as solemn as an ass." On this profound truth he did not act.

Corwin's political career was not as remarkable as might have been expected from his powers, partly because his energies tended to speech rather than to definite action. He did not lack boldness, as his speech in favor of refusing further supplies for the prosecution of the Mexican war shows, but even this speech does not seem to have been anything more than the expression of strong feeling. As a prophecy of the "irrepressible conflict" between North and South and an analysis of the causes which were tending to produce it, this oration was remarkable, and is said to have made a profound impression; but it led to nothing, and, down to the very outbreak of the war, he thought that a compromise of some sort could be devised by means of which the South might be reconciled to the Union, and the further extension of slavery be at the same time restricted. Like so many lawyers, he could be contentious enough if he had a definitely marked-out cause to win or defend; but when it came to striking out an initiative in public affairs and making himself the leader of a campaign of any sort, that was not in his line. As Minister to Mexico he displayed the same trait, evidently not caring to make an avenue to fame out of the unusual diplomatic difficulties with which he was confronted. His name is connected with no positive measure of legislation, and his oratory was great on the stump rather than in the Senate.

He was always careless about money matters, and generally involved in pecuniary difficulties; but there was nothing against his honor, though in the case of a Government claim in which he had been interested an investigation was necessary to show that there was no ground for accusing him of wrongdoing. He is reported to have said that he wondered whether any other man ever hid from the constable to read letters proposing him for the Presidency.

The reputation of a great stump speaker must be evanescent. Corwin's declaration in the Senate that were he a Mexican he would offer his own countrymen a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves, has become an oratorical commonplace. His translation of the impression produced by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency, "After that—who is safe?" is one of those jokes which are sure of a long life. But his set speeches are not likely to be studied, for either their statesmanship or their oratory. His life was centred in the expression of the thought or sentiment or humor of the hour, and one cannot but feel gratified to remember that his consciousness did not survive the shock which deprived him of the power of speech, and that his last conversation was addressed, as everything said by him had always been, to an audience of friends, crowding about him, and eager for more.

Ulster as It Is; or, Twenty-eight Years' Experience as an Irish Editor. By Thomas MacKnight. 2 vols. Macmillan. 1896.

THE editor of a daily paper is not always the best historian of his own times. His vision is likely to be limited, and his training too often has been to bring into prominence small daily points as against his opponents. We can recommend these volumes as an antidote to the exaggerations of the *Irish World* or *United Ireland*. They will prove of little assistance to those anxious for enlightenment as to the causes of states of feeling and popular outbursts. In the main, Protestant Ulster did her fighting and "outraging" a century ago. She then gained certain rights and privileges regarding the occupation of land which have since staved off the worst results of landlord exaction and agricultural depression. The people of the rest of Ireland, of a more compliant type, bent until they could bend no longer. Protestant education was in the past encouraged; Catholic education was banned. At the period in the last century when, as has since been proved, it was all-important regarding the future of manufactures where the discovery of steam should find them established, the industry of the north of Ireland, for which the soil was suited, was in every way encouraged; the industries of the rest of Ireland were all but extinguished.

It is therefore misleading to expatiate upon the peacefulness, the education, the industry

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of "Ulster," as proof of the natural superiority of its inhabitants. And "Ulster" itself is a most misleading expression. What Mr. MacKnight and other writers of his class mean is the geographical limits (four out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, or nine of Ulster) within which Protestant and Unionist feeling largely predominates. Taking him at his word, Ulster is in truth more illiterate than either Leinster or Munster. The Protestants, from their past history, are better educated than the Catholics. Yet neither Protestants nor Catholics in Ulster are as well educated as their co-religionists in the rest of Ireland. Moreover, in the deplorable Irish illiteracy brought into view at late elections, Ulster takes the lead, and Belfast, Londonderry, and Newry show double the proportion of illiterates to Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick. If Belfast has increased in population, the rest of Ulster, and even the contiguous counties, have declined. It is not fair to compare "Belfast," which includes, with "Dublin," which does not include, its suburbs. Taking the average personal valuation for taxation of the provinces all round, we think we are correct in saying that Ulster is behind Leinster and Munster; and, running our eyes down the list of Irish counties in order of average wealth, we pass twelve before we reach one situated in Ulster.

Bearing such considerations in mind, and what we may entitle the bumptiousness of "Ulster" as against Ireland, while Ireland generally takes "Ulster" little (perhaps too little) into her consideration, we may find these volumes useful antidotes to extreme nationalist propaganda. They bring out clearly the strength and steadiness of Irish Protestant opposition to home rule. They show strikingly the individual go there is in Protestantism as compared to Catholicism. The Protestants of all denominations in Ireland form but twenty-five per cent. of the population. They still practically sway the destinies of the country. In a concluding chapter Mr. MacKnight declares: "There is no community of feeling, and therefore can be no common citizenship, between the two sections of the Irish people." We cannot reconcile ourselves to such a dreary outlook. If antagonism such as this exists in Ireland alone of all English-speaking countries, it may be that the political environment is also different.

The Makers of Modern Rome. By Mrs. Oliphant. Macmillan.

THIS is a very characteristic specimen of the vicious tendency of the age towards hasty bookmaking, in its text as in its illustrations. Mrs. Oliphant is a gifted and prolific writer of fiction, biography, and history; she produces several works yearly, and treats her various subjects with the same facile pen; but her method applied to the great moments of the world's history is wholly inadequate. It has the same relation to history that a series of tableaux-vivants has to a tragedy of Shakspere. She seizes the dramatic moment, saturating it with all the local color that anecdote, detail, and fancy, and an immense facility in stringing adjectives together can give. In her preface to this work Mrs. Oliphant disarms serious criticism by her conviction that "nobody will expect in this book or from me the results of original research or the settlement—if any is ever possible—of vexed questions." And further on: "The work has been much interrupted by sorrow and suffering, on which account, for any slips of hers, the writer asks the indulgence of her unknown friends." But to undertake a work extending over six hundred pages, under similar conditions, is a mistake, all the greater that Mrs. Oliphant, in her first chapter, gives as her reason for treating of this particular moment of history its having been as yet neglected by English authors, though as a time of transition it is as interesting as important.

The opening chapter begins with a description of life in Rome during the middle of the fourth century: the debasement which had taken possession of all classes after the seat of empire had been transferred to Constantinople, the extreme luxury of the patrician class, and the love of amusement, amounting to degradation of the populace; the struggle between Christianity, already strong as a system, and Paganism, which Julian had in vain attempted to revive. The Christian Church itself in Rome had, during the four centuries of its existence, wandered wildly astray from the teachings of the Master. Jerome himself tells of one of the highest Roman officials who proposed to Bishop Damasus to become a Christian if in return he would make him Bishop of Rome, indicating that appointment as more valuable than any in the Government. Mrs. Oliphant quotes Jerome himself railing at the demeanor and dress of the popular young priests of the time, whom he likens unto bridegrooms rather than teachers of religion. In the midst of these excesses of luxury and idleness, a revulsion of feeling among the more refined was brought about, taking its first impulse after the arrival in Rome of Athanasius, driven from his see in Alexandria by persecution in the year 341. Athanasius came with two of his monks, and seems to have been welcomed chiefly in the house of a noble widow, Albina. He brought with him the life of St. Anthony, which he left on his departure to the daughter of Albina, Marcella. This work had a marvellous influence on the devotees of the Christian faith, impelling them to seek to lead a more spiritual life, often ending in asceticism. Marcella, whose history is told by St. Jerome himself, founded a home in her palace on the Aventine for the noble women who had aspirations for this higher life.

"Honourable women not a few" Mrs. Oliphant calls this first division of her book, and with irritating persistence she insists continually on comparing this company of earnest Christian devotees with the Hôtel Rambouillet or with the most modern æsthetic sect of souls. It is this desire to popularize her subject, however remote, which imparts a tone of gossip and vulgarity to her treatment of the history of St. Jerome, Milania, Paula, Blaesilla, and other noble ladies who were his disciples for long years in Rome, some of whom followed him to the East, when, after the death of Damasus, the breath of scandal embittered his life and made his position in Rome intolerable. It is strange that, while continually quoting from St. Jerome's own earnest and vigorous prose, Mrs. Oliphant cannot refrain from using the most bombastic language, thus spoiling a story so interesting in its incidents. After a string of high-flown questions on the expediency of Paula's deserting her children and going to the East, which our authoress leaves unanswered, she returns to the modern parallel:

"But is there not a Murray, a Baedeker of the fourth century still existent, the 'Itinéraire de Bordeaux à Jerusalem,' unquestioned and authentic, containing the most careful account of inns and places of refuge and modes of travel for the pilgrims? It is possible that the Lady Paula may have had that ancient roll in her satchel, or slung about the shoulders of her attendant for constant reference."

The second part treats of the Popes who made the Papacy—Gregory the Great, the monk Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., and Innocent III. As one might expect, the narrative of their lives is too fragmentary to give any comprehensive idea of their importance to any one who is not already acquainted with their history. It is in the third book, treating of Cola di Rienzi, that Mrs. Oliphant finds a truly sympathetic theme for her pen in the meteor-like apparition of this fantastic personality. She has taken the old chronicle for her subject-matter, and she could not have done better in this choice, for no romance could be as interesting as the 'Vita di Cola di Rienzo' by the unknown chronicler whose patriotism was as great as his admiration for the Tribune. Then we have minute descriptions of the pictures on the wall by which Rienzi secured the attention of the people, his sermon in St. John Lateran, the extraordinary *mise-en-scène* which seemed indispensable to all his acts, his strange costumes, the feuds of the Orsinis and Colonnas, Rienzi's wonderful assumption of power, and, last of all, his miserable fall and sudden loss of initiative. Mrs. Oliphant gives us the whole story at length, with extracts from the narrative and translations of Petrarch's letters, yet Rienzi can hardly be called a maker of Rome; "lo buono Stato," which he so liberally promised, was of too short duration.

Our author has but little sense of proportion: the concluding section, "The Popes who made the City," brings us down to Leo X., passing over the pontificates of Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI. The text is throughout profusely illustrated with pen-drawings after photographs, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, who is capable of better work.

An Introductory Course in Japanese. By Clay MacCauley. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh. 1896.

As with the language of other peoples, that of the Japanese is a sensitive mirror of changes in the national life. The mutations of history, political, social, and industrial, are distinctively recorded in the growth of speech. In the literary development of Dai Nippon we have first the unwritten songs and poems, then the documents and annals, in which Chinese logograms are used, chiefly for their phonetic value. After three centuries or so of use of the cumbrous ideographs, we find that the imported speech has tinged the vernacular with plentiful synonyms and occasional idiom; while, for practical writing, there has grown up a body of nearly fifty phonetic and syllabic characters, abbreviated from as many Chinese ideographs. One might now suppose that, with a syllabary fairly adequate to express native thought, the wise men as well as mediocrity would fully employ it. In all the old world of Chinese influence, however, a reputation for learning was closely associated with things formal, mechanical, and visible. Originality or naturalness was not at a premium. The "face" of things was more important than reality; the raiment of thought was more than its body. Hence the learned Japanese clung to the Chinese writing and vocabulary, using what to common folk was as Latin or Greek among us. This for a thousand years has been the general attitude of most Japanese authors.

Fortunately, however, the women at court,

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especially in the tenth and eleventh centuries, made use of both the *kana* or abbreviated script and of the pure vernacular. It is their works which have always been recognized as the standard of pure Japanese. Several mediæval stylists of the masculine gender actually saved their prose writings from oblivion by employing this "woman's way" of writing. After the political revolution of the twelfth century, when, through long degeneracy, monarchy gave way to duarchy and feudalism, the chasm between the written and spoken language widened. As soldiers and peasants constituted the vast majority in the war-scourged empire, the language of scholars became unintelligible, and the degradation of the colloquial went on. Under the Tokugawa regency, 1604–1868, literature (that is, the study of Chinese history and philosophy) revived. Out of the mental activity thus engendered grew up the Mito school of historians, the Genroku (1688–1703) novelists, and the Shintō investigators of the almost forgotten native classics. These writers produced the "Sinico-Japanese," that is, a written language which shows "a wholly successful incorporation of Chinese words into the Japanese sentence." In this modern standard written language Japanese structure and idiom control the Chinese words, which furnish vocabulary and meaning but take the native inflections, just, as in English, terms of classical or Oriental origin do with us. Even the enormous additions made to the language during the present Méiji era have been in word only, the Chinese being appropriated in its Chinese form and the European into writing as far as the sounds can be represented by means of the *kana* syllables. The most striking phenomenon in recent printed and written Japanese has been the increased use of the *kana* for the purpose of giving the uneducated the pronunciation and the meaning, or both, of the borrowed Chinese.

The change of greatest moment, however, is in speech, for in New Japan life is now worth living for every one. Everything is for the whole people—law, science, education, and literature. What was once the exclusive property of the nobles and gentry is now free to all. Hence, the colloquial speech is rising in dignity. The stately icebergs of the written forms bid fair to melt into the ocean of common speech, and the spoken and written language to become one. As in Tudor England the dialects of Kent and Surrey became dominant, and Latin fell out of use except to enrich the colloquial, so, in Dai Nippon, Chinese has fallen and the maturing Tokyo colloquial seems destined to be Japan's standard language of pen and tongue; and this, early in the twentieth century. The more active life with its pressing needs will compel the abolition of the complex ideographs, and *kana* will become the basis of the future medium of literary expression.

At such a time, our countryman, the Rev. Clay MacCauley, President of the Senshin Gakuin (School for Advanced Learning) in Tokyo, sends forth his book. Showing his faith by his works, he uses the *kana* script all the way through. After a general introduction, which presents briefly and brilliantly a history of the life of the Japanese language, he devotes nearly a hundred pages to the progressive mastery of writing and pronunciation. The *kata-kana* or square character is easy enough for the beginner, for there is no variation of forms. The *hira-kana*, however, have many variances that bewilder and annoy. Instead of the hundreds of forms which it is possible to find in native books, Mr. MacCauley selects a standard half-hundred of unvarying forms. Nearly two hundred pages are devoted to the grammar, the author striking a golden mean between the elaborateness of Hoffman and the bald severity of Hepburn. Practice in the colloquial is furnished most admirably by selecting forty-eight out of hundreds of Japanese proverbs, and making the conversation turn on these verbal coinages—each "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." The stilted, unnatural, and useless verbiage found in ordinary phrase-books is thus avoided, and the student learns the mastery of real speech. The texts in *hira-kana* and Roman are printed on opposite pages, and a sufficiency of notes elucidate the syntax. There is a good index.

The author dedicates his work to his former preceptor, Prof. Charles Carroll Everett of Harvard Divinity School. He has evidently profited by the study of Whitney, for he brings to his work clearness of vision, penetration, and remarkable powers of simplification. Being somewhat familiar with the other aids to the acquisition of Japanese, we hazard little in pronouncing this the best manual for the beginner. It is natural, progressive, and simple. Its wonderful clearness comes from the author's thorough familiarity with the subject, and his happy knack of applying the latest achievements of science to his task. Both printing and proof-reading are excellent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boname, Louise C. Study and Practice of French in School. Parts i., ii. Philadelphia, 258 S. 16th St.: The Author.
Doudney, Sarah. A Vanished Hand. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. $1.
Frederico, Prof P. Corpus Documentorum Inquisitionis Hæreticæ Pravitatis Neerlandicæ. Part 2. Ghent: J. Vuylsteke.
Geary, Sir W. N. M. A Lawyer's Wife. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 25.
Hardware Directory of South and Central America, the West Indies, and Canada. New York: Hardware Dealers' *Magazine*. $1.
Julleville, Prof. L P. de. Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française des Origines à 1900. Tome I., Moyen Age. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Kenney, Herbert A. Fifty Luncheons. Edward Arnold.
Labiche and Martin. Moi: Comédie en Trois Actes. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Millington, Rev. T. S. Ship Daphne: A Story of the City and the Sea Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. $1.25.
Post, M. D. The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. Putnams. $1
Robert Whitaker McAll, Founder of the McAll Mission, Paris. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Shelburn, R. Our Humor. New York: Columbia Book Co. $1 50.
Southworth, Mrs E. D. E. N. The Mystery of Dark Hollow. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25c.
Werner, E. She Fell in Love with her Husband. Rand, McNally & Co.
Westall, W. Sons of Belial. Cassell. 50c.
White, E. E. A School Algebra. American Book Co. $1.

SEPTEMBER
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.
ARTICLES.—Horace Mann, by William T. Harris; Democracy and Education, by Nicholas Murray Butler; The Educati nal Value of Examinations, by James Seth; The Study of English in American Colleges, by T. W. Hunt; Unity in College-Entrance History, by Lucy M. Salmon; History in the Common Schools, by Emily J. Rice.
DISCUSSIONS.—The Separate School Question in Canadian Politics, S. R. Tarr; Growth of the Human Body, G. M. West; Entrance Requirements at the University of Michigan, F N. Scott; The Notebook as Evidence of Preparation for College, E. A. Strong.
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